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MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

PICTURES OF BADEN-BADEN.—THE ARRIVAL.

THE transition from HEIDELBERG — its antideluvian castle — its supralapsarian seats of learning — its NECKAR of philosophic flow — its Philosopher's-walk — its ark-like tun — its cloudy Königstuhl — its quaint Museum-club — to the glades and gay halls of BADEN-BADEN, may afford a fair parallel to some of the swift scene-shiftings in the '*Divina Commedia*.' Bright BADEN typifies the FAST, HEIDELBERG the STEADFAST principle of life.

Again traversing the Bergstrasse vale! How royally does our railroad rattle through swelling seas of corn-field, hops, and vine! The double and triple chain of mountains which borders so majestically the route, echoes and proclaims the volcanic chariot's approach. The breeze rises and descends in high spirits among the luxuriant walnut-trees that drop their shade around. And on we glide, like the train of Spring, surrounded by the rosy-bosomed Hours: never were cars tenanted so blithely. But a single hour ago, and the Hydra, Dullness, was among us; the pipe gave out more cinders; the heavens, now so blue, looked dingy; and we were, both in speed and spirits, a slow coach. How is it now, that such a change is wrought? The Hydra hides his head; nor was Comus's crew more cheerful than we. Not to keep you in suspense, the solution of the gay mystery is, that at Oes station we took the special train which diverges to BADEN-BADEN, so that the GARDEN OF GERMANY is henceforth our happy bourne. All — all — all, then, of our passengers are travelling in pursuit of *life, liberty, and pleasure*! What prospect more pleasing, even if the Garden of Eden were our destination? How different the mood of my fellow-voyagers from that of ordinary occupants of public conveyances, which so often bear affinity to the

French paintings of Revolutionary victims, riding in their tumblers to the guillotine!

Not a care broods around. No talk of stocks, of elections, of disasters, of dry-goods. Every thing is tabooed that could possibly tire the ear; and even as Cleopatra sought to charm the rude winds into sweetness as they drew near her pleasure-freighted bark on the Cydnus, so did we triumphantly essay to smooth into dalliance every influence that encountered our swift course.

‘MESSIEURS ET MESDAMES, VOUS VOILA A EMBARCADERE DE BADEN-BADEN.’

What, already! Then ‘open sesame’ to our immured baggage, and down with the portcullis on incipient flirtations. Only I hope to heaven that that pair of landscape eyes which begemmed the seat opposite are destined for the same hotel as myself.

Probatum est. And here now we are at the HOTEL D’EUROPE. For once MURRAY is right: it is the pink of hotels.

To take possession of a chamber—to make fast and loose my baggage—to throw up a window which ‘gave’ upon a sheet of water as pure as my white bed-toilette—to ‘make a clean breast’ of it—to hasten down to the *table d’hôte*—these are occupations as natural as agreeable. My rail-road beauty is not there; but her absence is supplied by roses and lilies not less fair; and for one always prone to look at things *en rose et en blanc*, numbers are something, after all. Beside, is it not written in behalf of gregarious beauty—in *medio tutissimus ibis*?

THE COUP D’ŒIL.

As the merman in the story, after long roaming through countries which pleased him not, having at length obtained a glimpse of his beloved sea—its waves—its sparkles—its dancing play—sprang forward to greet it with a delighted shout; so, and with such alacrity, did I, my dinner ended, dash out of doors into the bosom of the scene which wooed me with a glance.

Mais retiens toi, ma plume!

The Hotel d’Europe immediately faces the camp-ground of the beautiful. Its front-steps descend almost upon the Lichtenthaler Allée—the Corso, Chiaia, or Champs Elysées of Rhineland. Wide, smooth, and shady, the sun never strikes between the interlacing branches of its arboring trees, but, breaking his ruder beams on high, sifts his softer radiance through in a mist of gold. Mid-summer temperature here is that of the Moslem Paradise:

‘Warmth without heat, and coolness without cold.’

as those two Byzantines, just moving past in a britzka, seem to think. What a maze and wilderness of equipage is here! The eye becomes fatigued with the march and countermarch of coupé, coronetted calèche, cane-tilburys, crimson-lined carriages of the Carlsruhe *bourgeoisie*, phaetons, droshes, Americaines, lumbering landaus, with blazoned or barren panels, grass-hopper vehicles of St. Petersburg—a combination of wheels

and horses as long as the Great Mogul's marriage-procession, as various as the spring promenade of Longchamps. But pass we on : this is forbidden ground for pedestrians, with the exception of *foot-men*. A finer panorama lies beyond, the illusion of which varies with every point of view : a quadrilateral sward, girt with stately oaks and graceful acacias, intervenes. Over beyond this incomparable *Jardin-Anglais* rises the *Maison de Conversation*, (or Kursall,) in front of whose Corinthian pillars is disclosed a spacious promenade. Matchless in white symmetry, the KURSALL stands amid bowery trees, against the back-ground of a shady hill.

If these portals enclosed Paradise instead of Pandemonium,* they could scarcely be guarded by spirits more fair. How to re-produce the scene that floats before us ? Can Claude Lorraine be copied ?

It is six o'clock. The Kursall Colonnade, strewn with seats, is a Samian parterre of beauty. The band has just this moment clustered beneath its light pavilion. How beautiful is orchestral music, even among the foremost files of things beautiful and lovely ! And this is no ignoble band, such as tortures the tired ear with iterating sounds in most of pleasure-gardens. The harmony which enchants the hushed air, from yon pavilion, bespeaks the presence of the artist-soul, tempered in the caverns of expression, in whose depths Weber and Mozart have wrought. How the lively pace of the promenaders relaxes as the magnificent overture begins ! Infallible test ! Thus music becomes the spirit's telegraph, as it strikes electric emotions to the inmost soul, and writes unerringly thereon a language known to all.

What a rain-bow of bright humanity seems to span the promenade ! Flowers, natural and figurative, spring up at every step. Faces and graces swarm in these precincts : fair enough to stir up the soul *instantly, after dinner* : and in making such a concession as this, I conceive that the most delicate compliment to their power is expressed which the warmest encomiast of beauty could possibly convey. Beauty, certainly, is lacking least of all ; costume, its embellishing Abigail, is also elaborate and replete : they have paid attention, beside, to the *science* of promenading — the little witches — flitting and flirting along, like 'gay beings, born to flutter,' as most of them are. But from the tasteful and perfect plumage of these pretty 'birds of passage,' you can hardly distinguish the Peri from the Pariah — the queenly Bird of Paradise from the Paris Peacock, who struts hither from a *magazin des nouveautés*, to flaunt the flounces of her own handi-work.

See the little demoiselles, exulting in an escapade from the stocks of refinement ; how gladly they have left form for frolic, and exchanged the dancing-master for a donkey in the sylvan valley. Then here bears down toward us an asthmatic dowager, surrounded by satellites who lionize her till she blushes above her rouge ; then the suite of tuft-hunters and fortune-hunters — the shrewdest of sportsmen — led upon their hound-like scent by a 'lively sense of future favors.' Landgraves, Palgraves, and Margraves, too, are looking as gay as other men.

* The slang name given by Englishmen to the Kursall is 'Curst-hell' — for obvious reasons.

The panorama keeps in motion, and now brings around the Misses Darkle and Sparkle, the blonde and brunette of the great city 'mapped by Mogg.' The moon and the comet are scarcely less sisterly in aspect than these twain scions of the B—— family: the one is a form of air, the other of *avoidsupois*. Close behind comes the flock of partlet mammas, following their younger selves with a complacent cluck. 'Tis early in the season, as yet, and the matrimonial market is not overstocked. A little later, and the sales will be more brisk, and the prices range less high: the tactics of manœuvring mothers will, in the same ratio, lose much of their delicacy and refinement, and assume a more vigorous and decisive character, prior to a withdrawal for the season. Strange it is, how men may be dragooned into matrimony when persuasion fails! The flower of Frankfort has been culled this year for exposition in the Baden market; but the *BARING* among the marriage-brokers is an Englishwoman — a *cosmo-polite* in Hood's sense of the word, being polite to all nations except her own. A more *usée* and *rusée* dame, more conversant in the tricks of her trade, never lured the unwary or outwitted the *knowing* bachelor, to his destruction. But of her, more anon.

The diversity exceeds description. Russians in regiments, white-coated Austrians, the succinctly-corsetted French *militaires*, multi-colored Greeks, (the physiognomy of the *Ægean* as well as of the black-leg,) uniforms and officers — the two not necessarily being in conjunction — men-milliners, tagged with various orders — punctilious parvenues and titled peers; knights, bishops, queens, owners of castles, and common pawns — all move according to their bent over this checkered and check-mating scene.

Amusement, as well as misery, makes strange mates. But, between the relaxation of dignity on the part of the munificos, and the assumption of it on the part of the insignificants, you may imagine that a *juste milieu* is here attained quite as nearly as unbalanced human nature will allow.

Amused and amazed, you take a seat at one of Mellerio and Buffa's tables, in whose airy restaurant luxury still holds festival, although the dining-hour is past. Hats and hauteur are there easily thrown aside, while you sit and dream over your *chasse café*.

'Oh, my stars!' exclaimed an old lady, at seeing the *Crown-Prince of Prussia* lounging in one of these wooden chairs. Two *aides-de-camp* were beside him, and the Nestor of German diplomats, a plain-looking personage in black, with an eye like Talleyrand, completed the group. The Prince was attired in a uniform of great simplicity: the two sons of Mars each wore, in addition to numerous other badges, a star of glittering brilliancy, though as unlike in appearance as Mercury and Saturn. The Minister had no visible decoration. It seems that Butler was not far out of the way in his bold assertion, that

'THERE'S but the twinkling of a star
Between a man of peace and war.'

The Prince, suddenly unsphered, mingles in the galaxy, and condescends to enjoy himself.

Look at that old Dutch dunderhead, who has left his 'business and bosom' behind for a week, and run down to meddle, if possible, with those of other people. Mein Herr, why do you so belabor that little Strasburg singer with your heavy starings? Is it to tamper with *her* peace that you left Amsterdam, your *frau*-guarded home, under plea of 'urgent necessity?' German students, of course, are not absent: you see that the uncouth beings, like their barbarian fore-father, INGOMAR, have relinquished their menagerie habits for a season, and, slowly 'submitting to the soft collar of social esteem,' are in fair training to be mitigated into courtiers. Battening in ease, here as at home, are groups of German Barons, looking 'uncommon seedy,' whose sempiternal promenade between their small principalities and Baden-Baden affords an annual pleasant interstice in the woof of ennui which spreads over their existence. The brow of the statesman, marked with the corrosion of care or of disappointment, is discerned amid happier faces: at this resort he has thrown up his dignities like a bitter drug, and seeks, perchance, to breathe awhile an untainted air. Mistaken hope! responsibility and labor will pursue him every where. Even here, in this throng, in whose light communion he craved relief, is he sure to meet a political enemy, or, worse yet, a political colleague. Too often is his genius required to flow like an Alpine river — most actively in the warmest summer.

A novelist would have unreeled, through a sea of manuscript, the descriptions which I have thus cast off, in a hurried coil. To return, and to return. Still the human stream flows on; now lingering, now fitfully fainting and leaping into new life, as music regulates the motion. Calembourg, criticism, sylvan sentiment, anecdote, rapture, rhodomontade, all fork forth from felicitous lips, like a *feu-de-file* of fire-works. The very gravel seems responsive to the measured pulsations of patent-leather, brodequin, and nice-like feet. Certes, the feet of the *belle assemblée* move more in unison than do its tongues. Some say that when Babel was broken up, its topmost detachment moved *en masse* and founded Baden-Baden. Else, whence this irreconcilable confusion? It can never be harmonized, even by the tongue of time.

'Tis the hour of composure and anticipation: we are on the frontier of evening. The pursuits of the day are over, and the pageantry of night is not yet open. *Tout le monde* — the gleaners of pleasure and of profit — the ambitious of cash or of conquest — the languid and the alert alike — seem, for the space of an hour, to have bivouacked in fraternity upon this trysting-ground.

THE TRINKHALLE.

Music and morning came hand in hand. The sun ascended glowingly over both. My earliest duty and first pleasure was, of course, to reach the TRINKHALLE.

The new Trinkhalle, or watering-establishment, stands about a polka's length from the Maison de Conversation, and is altogether the most flattering fane ever erected to Hygiena. Entering by a tasteful path, which farther on skirts a little river, you first pass into an elevated and elegant promenade, which serves the water-drinkers as a protection in wet, and

as a promenade in all weathers. On one side is a range of neat pillars, supporting Moresque arches; on the other, a continuation of benches presents itself; above which the long wall is covered with legend frescoes by GOTZENBERGER, varying in merit from good to bad and indifferent, though chiefly partaking of the two latter styles. At the upper extremity crouches a feeble figure of Health, which, from its emaciated bust and faded face, is evidently far gone in consumption. The grand hall, containing the mineral-fountain, to which you are at once ushered through the central door-way, is immense; but the fountain itself, although supposed to be the nucleus of Baden-Baden, is in no manner a remarkable or attractive object. Surrounding, is a circular balustrade, imprisoned within which is posted a hot-water Hebe, who, stooping and rising with the mechanical precision of a steamboat-piston, dips forth glass after glass to the visitors, with impartial good-humor. How much handsomer, indeed, is it in M. Benazet to appoint such a fair ministrant as cup-bearer, than (as is but too often done at the Spas) to station an abominable tanyard-colored mendicant, who deals you forth a boiling, sulphurous beaker, and an excoriating scowl, in the same breath — causing an imaginative hypochondriac like myself to think of a dirty devil incarnate, lading up infernal draughts from the brimstone tanks of his father Lucifer.

There is an esoteric or exclusive class of drinkers, who, giving the go-by to the *grande fontaine*, repair to a minor saloon on the right. In this contiguous retreat are exposed for sale all the aqueous products of Germany; and, as if so many varieties of the transparent element might not be sufficient for the thirstiest crocodile in any zone, there is also annexed the completest dairy beneath the milky-way. Goats'-milk, asses'-milk, white cows'-milk, black cows'-milk, whipped-milk, butter-milk, and, for aught I know, chicken-milk, together with all possible and improbable combinations of creams and clabbers, are served up, either *neatly* or in fusion with the waters, by a man in the Tyrolean garb, who *godles* forth a ballad while moustached mouths around imbibe his immaculate fluids.

If the visitor is not yet disposed to cry, 'Hold, enough!' he has access to yet another apartment on the opposite side, wherein is exposed for absorption a yet more remarkable assortment — I mean the vegetable waters, comprising all varieties of Kirchwasser, Bordeaux, Burgundy, Rhine wines, spirits, and *liqueurs*. *Chacun à son goût*, certainly; but I don't see how the d —; your pardon, polite reader, but I really don't see how the —; I disclaim all intention of being coarse, but I really don't see how these miscreants can find it in their consciences (even supposing those consciences situated in their stomachs) to prowl around the pure premises dedicated to Health, quaffing mulligatawny waters, robbing young calves of their proper nourishment, and, guzzling all manner of vinegar-wines before breakfast. Such practices call for the reprobation of all who claim a rank in creation above a human churn. For my own part, I viewed the vinous proceedings with a temperate disgust that would have won the heart of a pious Hindoo.

You will readily conceive that the Trinkhalle bears little resemblance to the scene of yesterday. The morning and the evening constellations find their contrasting images in the Trinkhalle and Kursall. The first

characteristic to impress the visitor at the former, is the imperturbable gravity maintained throughout the ceremonies. In sullen defiance of the brightness of Aurora, and the fresh melody which the matin-band contributes without stint, it still seems as if some dull decretal had gone forth against cheerfulness. From the manner in which the sweet strains swelled forth, from the air of perfunctory determination in which the hot goblet-draughts were swilled down, it appeared to an observer that the water-nymph is indeed a very formidable but a most irresponsible and unjoyous rival of the musical muse.

The fashion is, at the Trinkhalle, to make funereal bows; the same person who dashes off a Taglioni salute toward evening, now makes you a dejected obeisance, that might well become a dervish doing penance. How to account for this singular depression in social intercourse on beginning the day — as gloomy as the opening of Don Giovanni; whether the undiluted dignity proceeds from a superstition that hilarity is incompatible with the brightest benefit derivable from the potatoes; or whether it be out of consideration for the primitive styles of dishabille in which it is usual to appear, remains a mystery which I am no Solomon to solve. Certain it is, that my inveterate morning companions, the Blue-Devils, this morning found good company.

Up and down we plodded on the cheerless promenade — looking neither to right nor left — as spectres doomed for a certain time to walk the earth in morning-gowns, swelling with sulphureous emotions. It was impossible to fall in the ranks without picturing to yourself the gaunt procession that wanders on the banks of Styx. Females whose forms were suffering from perfect inanition of apparel, so lankly hung their morning-robcs, loitered along in the travesty of veiled prophets. An old Italian podesta, whose face seemed the tart index of his soul, which must have been squeezing the lemon of melancholy to its inmost core, strode by, every five minutes jerking out his watch and bellying to his *anima di porco* of a valet, who followed with watchful eye and a bottle of the hot liquid, to ‘hold up and give him a drink’ — quick — guggle — gug-g-g-l — and off he starts afresh, to count another thousand.

Tramp — tramp — tramp — go the sulky spectres. Just before me, like a leader of the ‘forlorn hope’ of our imbibing army, with his arms carefully folded behind his coat, stalked a blue-looking Englishman, in a deep brown-study. Burnt-bistre can afford but a faint shadowing forth of the intense sobriety in which his sombre soul was wrapped. Atlas in autumn, with the world upon his shoulders and the neuralgia in his neck, could hardly have looked so sere and serious. A rusty battle-axe, a regular spike-and-falchion cast of countenance, in no wise relieved the expression of illimitable gloom under which every joint of his dismal person seemed to groan. It was an appearance ever to be shuddered at. Really, however little of a chameleon by nature, it was impossible to refrain from succumbing to the operation of such russet influences: insensibly I began by degrees to partake of the color of the world I moved in; and despite of the ridiculous, I began at length to recognize myself as wearing the brownly-blue-dyed uniform of the sedulous and silent troop. Why, even my little beauty of the caressing glances, who but yesterday

in the cars had eyes like opals, shifting their color with the light of every new-transmitted look, this morning has surrendered to Iris all her prismatic glories! The clarified nymph of clear-starching herself could not demean herself more stiffly. Whither, pray, can all those plastic and elastic graces have flown? Behold her mamma, too! It is but yesterday I thought her the lovely mother-of-pearl in appearance. The scales are fallen: what a metamorphosis her altered looks disclose! She stands the very mother-of-vinegar confessed! And her cavalier! Such a *cross-beau* was never meant to instigate Cupid's arrow. My Dulcinea may be freely confided to the custody of that ultra-rueful countenance.

Sauve qui peut from such a vaporous assemblage! Let us seek oblivion once more in the spring which tastes so much like chicken-broth. Whew! how it burns my mouth! A callous invalid alone, whose palate has long ceased to discriminate in savors or temperatures, can consent to become the diurnal recipient of such a kitchen-spring. The man in the fable was right: one mouth was never intended for both hot and cold—water at least.

In Germany, where every stream, every mountain, and every ruin has its legend; every fountain its peculiar spirit, please inform me truly what is the nature of the Naiads assigned by tradition to these bubbling springs which peep forth throughout the land as stars on the soil of heaven. Who but a Dutchman can see romance in a parboiled Undine, an amphibious salamander, a Nymph-Zantippe, simmering out her existence at home in perpetual hot water? The Rhine is composed (if so turbid a stream can ever properly be said to be *composed*) partly of glacier tributaries from the Alps, and partly of these caldron-contributions which course adown its banks, refusing to freeze all winter. The philosophic notions on the subject of the rushing river in which 'heat and cold strive for mastery,' have been incontrovertibly settled; but, as in poetry it is permitted to take sides according to tastes, every sentimental investigator will, I conceive, agree that the bands of beauteous spirits whom a charming mythology recognizeth along the Rhine, are of Alpine, not of Brunnen origin.

But to turn from poetry to the positive. If, as many aver, faith in the physician is half the cure, these waters must start with an incontestable *moral* advantage over the resources of any disciple of Hippocrates; for, if it be permitted to draw inference from the prodigious number of patients—no two of whom resemble each other in any respect save assiduity—any man not a panacea-vendor would be prone to conclude that by faith alone their salvation must be wrought. So many maladies, so many men. Hither resort the Bengal nabob and the fog-drenched Hollander, whose composition is innocent of bile; the victim of smoke and vapors, and the victim of calomel; the soldier whose sinews have been strained beyond his powers, and the alderman who never strained a nerve except his stomach; the long, lean *justizrath* from the courts-of-law, and the dropsical dowager from the courts-of-ease. These are a few foremost types of the characters who at Baden drink and drip internally, flushing their temperaments with hot water, if not with sanguine hope. Peace to the shade of PREISSNITZ!

V A L E !

'In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on!'

LONGFELLOW.

'HEAVE ho!' the ponderous anchor heave —
Heave round the capstan-bars!
Mid-summer night begins to weave
Her tresses thick with stars.
Too long I tarried by thy side,
O maiden of the heart of pride;
Hence treacherous lures and specious show —
All hands weigh anchor — ho! heave ho!

Unfurl! while outward sets the tide,
And softly blow the western gales:
How dimly is the land descried,
While one by one fill out our sails!
Farewell! thou heart so proud and cold;
Fling forth our pennon's careless fold,
And bid the sea-ward chorus sound —
We, with the tide, are 'outward bound!'

'Far out at sea!' the moon gone down,
And quenched that early, starry light:
How murkily yon wild clouds frown,
How flash the wave-tops, yesty white!
Rest in thy bower, O heart of pride;
The ocean plain is long and wide,
The moon gone down: but what to thee
Is the lorn rover, far at sea?

'All hands on deck!' our vessel lies
Thrown down beneath the maddened waves;
This is that hurricane surprise
That sends whole crews to deep-sea graves!
O heart of pride! so far away,
Dost ever for the sailor pray?
Perchance — but then *our* ghastly wreck
Is naught to thee — 'all hands on deck!'

'Stand by to cut away the mast!'
The struggling hull may yet arise;
Cut! 'tis our only hope — our last:
All clear! away the ruin flies!
E'en yet, O moveless heart of pride!
The wanderer's bark may stem the tide,
Though to the cruel surge be cast
Each riven sail, each shattered mast!

The morning breaketh cold and gray:
Ah, dismal scene! ah, stern, dark sea!
So! keep the staggering hulk away
O'er the huge billows, manfully!
For thee, proud heart, that sent us here,
May never day arise so drear!

God's mercy guide the cast-away
Whose morning breaks so dim and gray!

'Land ho!' for many a weary day
Since that gray morn, with scanty sail
And jury-rigged, we've held our way,
With hunger and with watching pale.
Art beating still, O heart of pride,
In thy fair home, o'er ocean wide?
Perchance! — All hail, ye breezes bland
And new-born hopes, with 'Ho! the land!'

'Cast anchor' in this peaceful bay:
To-night, no capstan-bars
Shall bring it from its bed away
When sparkle out the stars!
Would thou couldst know, O heart of pride,
How, safely moored, far from thy side,
We smile remembered scorn away,
At anchor in this peaceful bay!

Boston, Mass.

W. W. M.

THE REFORMATION OF HARRY CORNWRIGHT.

BY PETER RAGGS.

At the period immediately preceding the Revolution, when the first meanings of the approaching tempest had commenced, there lived near the green, now called Boston Common, a worthy blacksmith, named John Cornwright. He was a sturdy, honest old fellow, of no remarkable parts; a sound believer in the rights of the colonies, and an admirer of the fervid eloquence of James Otis. But valuing his daily occupation above politics, he followed diligently his trade; and if the fanciful acts of the mother-country shook his loyalty a little, he only buried his feelings in his own heart, or calmed his agitation by hard knocks on his anvil, rather than by turbulent speech with his fellows. Strong was the belief, however, in John's mind, and increasing daily in strength, that it would be more profitable to the colonies to be governed in an open way by a few quiet citizens in black knee-breeches and home-spun hose, on this side of the Atlantic, than by titled gentlemen, residing in magnificent establishments over the water; possessing high-bred and fascinating manners, doubtless, but having, unfortunately, no very clear idea of the mess they were getting the colonial business into. Meantime the blacksmith toiled at his trade. History is silent touching the part he performed in the struggle which transformed the colonies from children to rivals of England, nor has the present sketch aught to do with that portion of his existence.

John Cornwright was a widower. Rumor blabbed, with her thousand tongues, that he did not take on very badly when his amiable wife de-

parted. Remark was made that he looked happier, and strode home to tea with a more confident step, after that lady slept under the turf at Copp's Hill, than before her decease. Gossips noticed that now he never was first to leave a jolly good party at the tavern; and, indeed, it was sneeringly stated, in a general way, that things were quite different before Mrs. Cornwright died.

The old wooden house was now under the mild reign of sweet Kate Cornwright, a pretty damsel of eighteen, who carried it with a high hand among the beaux of Boston, receiving even many a passing compliment from those sprouts of nobility who, in the red-and-gold livery of his Majesty, vexed the town in the shape of army-officers. Perhaps the compensating power of PROVIDENCE gave this beautiful girl as a solace for the distress which her wild brother Harry wrought in the heart of the old blacksmith.

Harry should have been a lord, for he got as drunk as one; and he kept quite as bad company as George the Fourth himself did in after years. Loving his sister dearly, and entertaining a respect for his parent, still the influence which they possessed over his actions was very limited. Dreadful tales were told of his revels by the old men, though all confessed that a spice of fun and a share of wild courage entered often into his frolics. A poor widow at the North-end blessed Harry as he passed, as the preserver of her boy from a blazing house where others dared not enter; and the broken nose of a sergeant in the — th regiment testified to the strength of his fist on an occasion when the aforesaid sergeant was too pressing in his attentions to a young lady in the public street. Yet these facts do not free Harry from blame for excesses and street-encounters, which, under modern light, are justly visited by fines and imprisonments; nor do they diminish the culpability of his sitting for a whole afternoon at a time at the bar of the Green Dragon tavern, wasting John Cornwright's hard-earned money in drink, with as shiftless a set of young fellows as could be collected together in that ancient place of entertainment. He knew, indeed, that his father possessed a heart that neither he nor any other evil-doer could break; but he was also aware that his unfilial behavior had caused it to beat very painfully at times. Oh! much farther in the broad, straight path had wicked Harry advanced than he supposed.

But to the matter of the story.

One summer morning, after her father had departed for his shop, while Kate sat at the window which looked toward the common, she chanced to observe, picking his route among the cows which drew their sustenance from the gracious bosom of the green before her, an Indian making for the house. Within a few yards of the dwelling the savage paused, and, with the sharp glance of his race, took measure of it from top to bottom, as a warrior would of a castle he intended to storm. He was rather a dirty and mongrel sample of a once gallant tribe, and his personal appearance was quite note-worthy. Necessity had forced him to combine the aboriginal and European costume in such an anomalous style as to make it painfully apparent that poverty, in his case, had utterly destroyed taste. About his neck the savage love of tawdry finery had induced him to hang several strings of huge glass-beads of a quaint and ancient

fashion; the self-same baubles, probably, that from his ancestors had purchased many an acre of Indian territory. A gaudy but greasy military cap crowned his lank black hair, and the balance of his costume was composed of an old English coat, a pair of soiled buckskin leggins, odd moccasins, a common case-knife, and a hunting-pouch, associated in a manner which defies description.

To the quick eye of Kate, who gazed at him unobserved from behind the curtain, the 'brave' appeared to be, even at that early hour, a trifle in liquor; having altogether a debauched look, which plainly asserted that he had been making a night of it. She turned from the window in disgust, rustling the curtain as she swept away, which being observed by the warrior, he uttered a grunt and trotted off.

That an intoxicated Indian should gaze for a few minutes at John Cornwright's house was not an extraordinary fact in itself, albeit there was nothing striking in the appearance of that modest pile; but, adding it to a conversation overheard by Miss Kate in the afternoon, a startling picture was presented to her imagination.

At the rear of the house was a large and neatly-kept garden, in which Kate passed much of her time in the summer-months. She was quietly sewing in a pretty little arbor near the foot of this plot, when she distinguished the voices of two persons, who appeared to be approaching by a narrow lane leading to the garden; pausing as they reached the fence, they continued their conversation in a low but earnest voice:

'Me tell you; me know! Just easy, brudder, as turn your hand—so.'

And the speaker, who, from his peculiar use of the English language, appeared to be an Indian, seemed to perform the motion alluded to.

'Hold up!' answered a gruff voice. 'Give us English, and none of your blasted Indian gammon.'

'Me spoke Ingleese dam good,' replied the savage, whose feelings appeared touched at the opinion held of his proficiency as a linguist. 'Me learn quick when papoose—so big.'

'Nonsense,' growled his companion; 'tell me, now, when you were in the house, and what you know about the matter.'

'Two day ago, me go into the kitchen. Beg meat. Nigger girl give me meat and cider, good! See 'em cleaning silver plate. Oh! so much! big lot! Old man, Cornwright, he catchee me; call me red rascal; say kickee me out, catchee me there some more.'

Following this lucid explanation came a short pause. At the mention of her father's name, Kate's heart beat quickly, and, pale with agitation, she listened for the remainder of the conversation.

'Was there a dog about the house?'

'No, no dog. Me askee the maid why she no give meat to dog, instead to poor Indian. She tellee, got no dog.'

'And whereabouts do they keep the silver? Do you know that?'

'No, but we findee him to-night, sartin,' answered the native.

The pair now seemed to be examining the height of the garden-wall; and while they muttered farther plans of wickedness, Kate stole softly from her hiding-place, and, darting into the house, threw on her street-apparel, and walked with a careless air toward a turn in the adjoining street, whence she knew the two gentlemen whose conversation she had

overheard must emerge. There, indeed, she encountered them. In one she recognized the Indian whom she had observed in the morning. The person of his companion was unknown to her. He was a stout, half military, half ruffian sort of a fellow—one of that class from which Great Britain occasionally in those days recruited her army and navy. The present specimen, as he wore no uniform, was, no doubt, a deserter from some Southern regiment, a fellow whom even the iron rule of King George's service had not forced into proper discipline.

Taking no notice of Miss Kate, they passed on, and she proceeded swiftly to her father's shop. The worthy mechanic was in a grimy and heated state, the ordinary result of labor at his particular trade on a warm afternoon, and the information that an attempt at an appropriation of his property was to be made that night, did not tend to an immediate cooling of his blood.

A council was held by Kate and the blacksmith on the spot.

'To-night,' said the old man; 'rather a short notice, but we'll endeavor to be ready for them.'

'It would be better to get two or three of the neighbors to watch with us, father,' said Kate; 'don't you think so? As there are only two of the scoundrels, they can be easily captured.'

'Ay, Kate, only two, and one of them a drunken Indian!' answered the blacksmith; 'I think we can manage them without the aid of neighbors. We will be independent, and do it ourselves.'

'Perhaps, father, after all, it would be better to have them sought out and arrested before night; then all danger and trouble would be avoided.'

'And suppose we find them, my dear, before night; we could prove nothing; the villains would escape; they could not be punished by law. No, Kate, that would n't do. Harry and I will attend to them personally.'

'Harry!' exclaimed Kate, shaking her pretty head; 'where will you find him? He's not been home since yesterday morning, and you know he sometimes remains away for days.'

'The young scoundrel!' muttered John Cornwright, with a sigh. 'Just at the time when his father needs his aid! Kate, I'm satisfied no good will ever come from that boy. Gone out of the town on some wild tramp, of course: the old blunderbuss and your father, then, will be enough, and I'll go home immediately and fix the weapon. After all, Kate, you may have, been foolishly frightened, and misunderstood this talk; and if such be the case, and we should bring in the neighbors on a false alarm, the whole town would laugh at us, you know.'

'There's Dinah,' suggested Kate; 'arm her; she would do for the Indian, I think.'

'Blow the nigger!' exclaimed the old man, testily; 'don't allow her to know any thing about it. She would raise a howling sufficient to wake the dead.'

And John Cornwright, relying on Anglo-Saxon courage, and despising Ethiopian aid, ordered his apprentice to look to the shop, and escorted his daughter home.

RETURNED from a hunting-excursion, Harry Cornwright and a band of kindred spirits that night held a grand wassail at the Green Dragon

tavern, which wassail included a jolly good supper and plenty of punch. Master Harry was at the head of the table, doing the honors in magnificent style, and Will Wilkins, of North-end—a glorious fellow at a song—supported him on the right, while a round dozen of jolly dogs spread out on both sides of the table. Brave fellows were they, but dreadfully fallen away from grace, and, as a general thing, utterly unworthy of the Puritan stock whence they came; fellows who were eyed askance by modest maidens, shunned as followers of the Devil by well-behaved young men, and regarded by the elders as fit only for targets for Indian rifles on fields of frontier warfare.

Hurrah! There they are at it. Indeed they are. Observe Harry now, giving a toast; and notice the company of scape-graces rise, with mock reverence, to drink it. Mark that fellow at the foot of the table, with hands meekly crossed, and eyes horribly squinted. Should you suppose any thing but mischief resided in his bosom? Nothing else, depend upon it! Hark! 'Fill your glasses, gentlemen.' And we have some disloyal toast concerning King George. Rebellion is commencing at the Green Dragon.

The hours passed on: the streets were quiet; a rattling fire of toasts and songs continued; but wit was drowning itself in punch, flashing out only in obscure gleams; and gentlemen who stretched their mouths to laugh, found it a difficult matter to shut them again, so relaxed were the muscles. Will Wilkins, the singer, in a state of unconsciousness slipped under the table, where he was used as an uneasy foot-stool by Harry Cornwright. A drowsy glare was observable in the eyes of the revellers at the foot of the table, where the biggest punch-bowl was stationed, and two weak heads had fallen quietly to sleep, their beating brows reposing on their plates, while one of their abandoned companions lazily poured cold punch on their heads to sober them.

Although Harry Cornwright was endowed with good gifts in the art of punch-drinking, he at last exhibited signs of repletion; and when he heard the clock strike the hour of twelve, a glimmering of sense admonished him to retire. So he stole away to procure a room of the landlord, intending to remain at the Green Dragon all night.

'I can't do it,' said the host. 'It's impossible. I've only one room containing one small bed unoccupied, and Will Wilkins and Bob Hunter engaged that in the early part of the evening; they said they knew they should get drunk, and ordered me to see them conveyed to bed.'

'Home, then,' thought Harry, 'the nearest way.'

Off he started, conversing to himself for the sake of companionship.

'How my head swims! Devil take those last three glasses of punch! I'll never do so any more, upon my honor. Harry Cornwright, you drunken wretch, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; no doubt you are, my boy. Hold up your right hand and pledge yourself, in the presence of these witnesses, never, so long as your unfortunate life may be spared, to drink over six glasses of punch at a sitting. You solemnly promise this, to love, honor, *et cetera*, till death do you part. Easy, Harry; you're ashore on the marriage-ceremony.'

And our friend made for a wooden post at the corner of the street, to take a new departure.

'Pity 'tis,' continued he, audibly, 'that no fine fellow is at hand to give me aid and assistance home; it will be the Devil's own job to do it alone. Now, Harry, my boy, you solemnly promise —— Julius Caesar! how my poor head swims!'

Toiling along with a reeling gait, he proceeded for his father's house, his head, truly, more sober than his legs; but as he staggered by the pillars of the stone chapel, a heavy pitch in his motions brought his heels in contact with a bundle of fantastic rags lying within, coiled up in one corner of the porch. Over went Harry, while the bundle, with a grunt of astonishment, extricating itself, started to its feet, and half unsheathing a knife, stood gazing at Harry, in doubt what course to pursue. By the light of the moon, the young man saw that he had disturbed a sleeping Indian.

'Gentle savage,' exclaimed Harry, gaining a sitting position against the wall, 'I beg your pardon. You're the very man I've been looking for. Come, give me that dirty hand of yours, and aid me to my feet again, and then help me home. Come, Indian — by-the-bye, what's your outlandish name?'

'Me call Wonnybackker,' growled the Indian.

'Well, Wonny,' continued Harry, 'give me your hand. There — so far, so good. And now, Wonny, you see me home, and I'll give you a shilling. See, my head is clear, enough, but my legs, you notice, are weak.'

'Yaas, me see: Ingleese dam drunk!'

'True, amiable native; but don't tell me of it quite so plainly, or I may pound your head a trifle. Oh! don't finger that rusty knife of yours. You wouldn't use it, you know you would n't. Come, let me lean on your arm, and we'll go home.'

'No,' said the Indian. 'Wonnybackker has business; he no go.'

'I'll give you *two* shillings, provided I have that amount in my purse, which, I may be allowed to say, I something doubt. Don't be mercenary; two shillings is a great price. I never gave more than one before, upon my honor; and I've sworn since that last trouble, not to budge another foot alone. So, Wonny, bear a hand.'

'No,' persisted the Indian; 'sleep here; night warm: Wonnybackker won't go.'

'But you shall!' answered the self-willed Harry, with drunken violence seizing the Indian. In the course of the struggle, Harry felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and turning, he beheld a new antagonist; this was a stout, rough-looking personage, of a very unamiable cast of countenance.

'Be quiet,' said he; 'drop your hold of the Indian. It's after midnight, and time for you to be at home, whoever you are.'

'Ho, ho!' said Harry, gazing from one to the other. 'A new arrival. Oh, I perceive: a bosom-friend of old Wonnybackker, my red friend. A nice couple! Pray, what wickedness keeps you out so late? you, particularly, Wonnybackker? What will that old squaw, your wife, say, when you get home?'

'Leave us,' said the last comer, sternly, 'and get to bed.'

'I shall do no such thing,' replied Harry; 'I have taken a liking to

you both, and I'll not leave you. Wherever you go, I'll go too; and see, my legs get steadier every minute.'

'Pshaw, you drunken fool! Go home, or I'll raise the townsmen,' said the other gentleman.

'Soft words! soft words!' said Harry. 'What are you about so late? Perchance the pillory might be your reward if sober townsmen were called. Beside, I want you to understand distinctly, I *won't* leave; so take it as easily as you can.'

It is evident that the plotters, whose designs the sister had discovered, have been encountered by the brother, and the pair, fortunately, knew him not. His decision, just expressed, annoyed them, and they held a consultation apart: their first intention was to run and leave Harry on the spot; but the Englishman suddenly conceived a new plan, which he determined to follow. This was to take the youth, who appeared to be a drunken scape-grace, ready for any wickedness, with him, and use him as a stalking-horse in the villany about to be attempted.

'Have you a mind for a piece of sport to-night, my fine fellow?' said the man to Harry; 'or is this noise mere bullying of yours?'

Now Harry's courage was not the valor of punch, and he boldly spoke:

'Nay, try me: I'm ready for any sport; my legs get steadier every minute.'

'I wonder,' continued he, with a serious air, 'why my drunks could n't be more equally divided between my head and my heels: I must manage that in future. Well, your fun; what is it? Neither you nor the noble chief seem to be endowed with very sportive faces. Rather a gloomy kind of fun you must engage in, I opine.'

'You must know, then,' answered the man, 'that we are to enter a house opposite the green; I have an appointment with the girl there; she is bound as a servant to the owner, and we are to get her off clear of the town before day-light. 'Tis our only chance. Honorable intentions—marriage—you know: ha! ha! ha! Wonnybackker aids me for a guinea, and the same amount I'm willing to offer you for your services, to make sure.'

'Whose house is it?' inquired Harry, pricking up his ears.

'Old Cornwright's; the girl is his servant, and beautiful as an angel.'

'The devil she is!' thought Harry. 'There are no servants there but Dinah, and she's as black as a crow. Good,' continued he, aloud; 'I have a grudge against that same Cornwright, and I'll go with you with all my heart.'

Notwithstanding Harry leaned heavily upon the Englishman's arm on the route from the chapel to the green lane leading to his father's garden, the fumes of the punch were fast disappearing under the danger that threatened his family.

'Here we are at last,' whispered the Englishman as they reached the wall. 'Now, Wonnybackker, give us your shoulder to scale this.' And over went the two, followed by the agile Indian.

'Bother it!' said John Cornwright, as he observed them from a dark corner of the shed; 'there are three of them; one more than I bargained for.'

Stealing to the back-door of the house, the leading ruffian took out the implements of the trade and commenced his work.

'If the girl be willing, as you say she is, she ought not to have left you any of this business to do,' said Harry, approaching, followed by the Indian.

'Keep quiet, boy!' savagely whispered the burglar; but at this moment the report of the blunderbuss, and a scream from the house, were heard at the same moment, and the man with a heavy groan fell to the ground. The gallant Indian, uttering a poor imitation of the war-whoop, turned to fly toward the fence, but Harry seized him with a grasp of iron, and they rolled on the ground together. Then out rushed old John Cornwright, and with a heavy oaken cudgel, wielded by an arm accustomed to a sledge-hammer, he pounded the pair lustily.

'For Heaven's sake, stop, father!' cried Harry; 'don't you know me—Harry!'

But the old man heeded nothing, until Kate and Dinah came running from the house with a lantern, and then Harry and the Indian were found senseless.

'My God!' exclaimed the blacksmith; 'my own boy in league with house-breakers!'

'No! no! it is not so, depend upon it!' cried Kate. 'You have hurt him dangerously, father; pray God you have not killed him!'

And contemporary chronicles relate how the two villains were secured, the Englishman mortally wounded: how Harry was conveyed to the house: how he had a brain-fever on account of his injuries from the cudgel: how he was brought to the brink of the grave: how, when he recovered, a strange but glorious revolution was discovered in his habits: how he was never afterward seen in liquor: how he married the young lady for whose dear sake he had broken the nose of the British sergeant: how he afterward became a captain in the Revolution: and how Wonybackker, the debauched brave, received his deserts, which, you may rely upon it, was no easy affair in those days.

A M I C I T I A .

'T WAS twilight's lonely hour when first we met,
And now, in twilight's lonelier hour, we part;
While Memory breathes in tones of sad regret
Her mournful music to the mournful heart.
The harp-strings of thy deep affection, strung
And tuned to all the songs of Friendship's lyre,
Full oft have chased the tear which gloom had wrung.
And 'rayed my spirit in some gay attire.
Alas! those dulcet-tones shall wake no more
The deepest thoughts that lie within my soul;
But now the dull, damp cloud of gloom spread o'er
My heart, shall sway without that heart's control.
Spirit of Love! thy last and solemn knell
Is tolling now, as now I breathe, Farewell!

Cambridge, April, 1853.

G. H. H.

T O T H E C A Y U G A L A K E .

BY CHARLES LELAND PORTER.

GIVE me a pen, for thoughts come thick and fast,
 And thou their inspiration. Softly now!
 For the clear laugh of ripples greets my ear,
 And I would dwell upon their winning power,
 And drink their music ere it dies away.
 Give me a pen, for voices are around me;
 And though alone, yet I am not alone;
 For each glad rivulet, with its silvery voice,
 Is whispering memories of other years;
 And every crest upon the curling wave,
 And every bubble in the snowy crest,
 And every rainbow-tint upon the bubble
 Hath its own spirit-voice — they speak to me!
 Give me a pen, for I would hold converse
 With thee; would tell thee of a yearning heart
 That hath a pulse for every thing of true,
 Of good, of beautiful. Ah! I can talk with thee;
 Thou listenest now; the winds are listening, too;
 And as they softly breathe, I'll tell it thee:
 Yes, thou art beautiful, and I have loved thee!

Slow sinks the setting sun; and pauses now
 To gaze once more, ere he departs to rest,
 At the rich jewel, as it lies encased
 Amid the emerald hills. Nor emerald all,
 For Autumn's hand hath placed the ruby there,
 Jasper and jacinth, and the poplar's pearl,
 All blending in the richest harmony,
 Glad to behold the diamond they surround.
 Oh, this is gorgeous! Pillars of golden light
 Support the hills, and stretch from shore to shore;
 And gold is deepening into orange-tint,
 And orange now to crimson gives the place;
 And crimson mingles with the violet,
 Soft as the play of light upon the cheek
 Of ruddy infant in the land of dreams.
 The scene is changed; and now a cataract pours
 From the remoter to the nearer shore;
 And breathing softly, you can almost hear
 The roar and trembling of the mimic flood
 That steals the trusting senses quite away.
 Oh, look again! The clouds have left their thrones,
 Glad to repose upon so fair a bosom,
 Thrice willing there to sink to balmy rest.

Thou art sleeping, thou art sleeping,
 And I'll not disturb thee now;
 Stars are 'mid the cloudlets peeping,
 Dew-drops on the rose are weeping;
 Stars above and stars below
 Come and go,
 Longing to be jewels set
 On thy brow of snow.

'Mid the green hills glancing,
 Sleeps a gentle lake ;
 Lovely are her waters,
 Sleeping or awake ;
 Charming in the star-light,
 Beautiful at dawn ;
 Bounding and resounding,
 Bounding like the fawn.

And the stranger feels that a holy power
 Is there, as he gazes hour by hour,
 And listens again to thy gentle roar,
 Dying upon the pebbly shore ;
 Ever singing thy joyful song,
 That follows the dancing ripple along :
 Ripple and song together at play,
 Till ripple and song have faded away.

Aurora, N. Y.

OUR CLUB AT THE ADRIATIC.

I AM a plain, old-fashioned man ; quiet, sedate, and timid in company ; not exactly amounting to downright bashfulness, but rather a becoming modesty, appropriate to the unobtrusive habits of an elderly gentleman. I love at times to sit down, in quiet contemplation, by myself ; to turn my eyes inwardly, and search myself ; ransack the old furniture within ; mark what effect time and circumstances have had upon it ; look back into the past, and all its checkered scenes ; recall to mind the sweet remembrance of things long past ; the glorious day-dreams of the boy man-ward ; to conjure up again the gorgeous air-built castles which none but the hopeful young can build ; green spots of memory, like oases in the dreary, sterile deserts of Nature ; to ramble once again o'er the 'tangled wood-walks and the tufted green ;' bounding joyously, buoyant with hope, 'rioting with warm blood and blue veins ;' the heart welling up and gushing over with unalloyed happiness ; eager to take our stand among men, and courageously ready to meet a world in arms : but *cui bono* ? — where's the good ? As the poet has been parodied :

'Thinking is but a waste of thought,'

and I rise from my reveries a sadder if not a wiser man. I wake to the *stern realities of life* : these are stubborn facts, which neither sophistry can blunt nor metaphysics obliterate from the world.

Yet I do not repine. I would not, if I could, live my life over again. I would *not* be 'a boy again.' I console myself with the thought that I have carried myself through the world, unstained by any serious crime :

'I HAVE not caused the widow's tears,
 Nor dimmed the orphan's eye ;
 I have not stained the virgin's years,
 Nor mocked the mourner's cry :'

Although I may not have been as good and moral in my deportment as many men, yet I believe I have been uniformly better than a good many

others. I have struggled hard to attain position; and the balance of my life will require all the attention I can give it, to prevent back-sliding.

Excuse me, my friends; but Age has one prerogative — the right of being garrulous. I cannot tell a story as I was wont, half-a-century ago. Memory crowds its facts and fancies too forcibly upon us; and although past doing, will tell what *has* been done.

I sat down with the intention of telling you about our little Social Club at the 'ADRIATIC:' the only favor I ask in return is, that you shall bear with my infirmities.

After the cares, the labors and the anxieties of the day are over, I love to go out for an hour or so, and hold communion with a few friends, in an easy, quiet, sociable, sober way; to talk over the news of the day, and then listen to my younger companions, who I know only tolerate an old man among them, because they find in him a good listener. Occasionally they condescend to ask me some questions about olden times. This flatters me exceedingly; and, at times, I have to check myself about the details. I mark evident uneasiness in their manners, which is almost equivalent to saying, 'Dry up, you old fool! you are getting prolix.' I know they would not *say* so; but I am very sensitive, and can read their thoughts well enough by the twitchings of their facial muscles.

We rarely get together before nine o'clock. The first on the ground is Mr. Bovis, a gentlemanly, sprightly, affable young man, who has read a good deal, and travelled more. He seems to be an off-hand business man, very conversable; reads all the daily papers, and is consequently fully posted up in the current news of the day; and as my eyes are old and dim, I generally avail myself of his abstract: moreover, I always find him ready to tell me how late it is; and as I do not carry a watch, this is a very great convenience. That I do not carry a watch, is a mere prejudice on my part; perhaps poverty has something to do with it — possibly an amiable weakness; but I would rather insinuate, in the mildest manner, that I am afraid it is mere vanity — a pardonable vanity. I read '*Pelham*' some years ago, and I was forcibly struck with a very singular aphorism of the author; it coincided so fully with my sentiments that I adopted it at once, and sold my venerable 'bull's-eye' to a jeweller for old silver. The aphorism was this: A gentleman, wishing to know how late it was, accosted Pelham: 'Pray, Sir, can you tell me what time it is?' 'Time,' said Pelham, '*time*, Sir! what the devil has a gentleman to do with *time*?'

Pardon this episode: Am I getting tedious?

The next who makes his appearance is another young man; a married man; an uxorious man; a model family-man; by name, Mr. SILEX. He has always been observed to bring a *pitcher* with him; and hence I once mustered up boldness enough to accost him, at one of our meetings, as 'Our friend and pitcher.' It was a mere pleasantry on my part, and I was so delighted with the laugh that followed it, and the most perfect good-humor with which it was received, that I immediately jumped up, rubbed my hands together, and came very near inviting 'the party' up

to the bar. Mr. Bovis happily remarked that the old gentleman was getting waggish. Mr. Silk very complacently nodded assent, and asked us what we would take to drink.

I am very partial to Mr. Silk; for in the lull of conversation on matters before the club, or sometimes before meeting commences, he freshens my memory, and leads me back to my Benedict days, by the life-like, graphic little pictures — gems, perfect gems — of wedded-life, which he describes with vivid faithfulness, and imprints them on the tablets of memory, with all their freshness, saliency of outline and coloring, as truthfully as Heliochromy paints upon the plate the beauties of nature. As he details them, some might think him tedious, because he recognizes around him all the little *mélange* that makes up a family-circle. Those who would quarrel with him about these niceties are not close observers themselves, and could not appreciate those little studies of the Flemish painters which delineate every minute feature of the scene as faithfully as the centre-group. To one who has passed through these scenes of domestic life; who has helped to raise up those little responsibilities whose existence forms the links which unite us with the future; who has felt the sweet, warm breath of infancy fanning his cheeks, whilst watching the little innocent as it draws back its head from a too close contact with your rough face, as it playfully slobbers over your lips, and feel its little tiny nails scratching or pinching you, and would let it pull, mumble, and frowse your hair, to please itself; but, when tired with play and fretful for sleep, who never felt a want of manliness in walking the floor and singing nursery lullabys to induce its soothing slumbers, until a discovery is made that its mother is wanting, in consequence of a humidity sometimes ludicrously found out, in regard to its underpinings — is more or less than man.

Silk is a verbal artist: he can and does describe nature in words with all the care and graphic skill which the painter uses when he outlines the picture on the canvas. Silk in his conversations also shows that he is a reader, and has travelled somewhat; for I remember he told me once that he had been to Niagara and Paterson Falls, Saratoga, and Lake Mahopac, beside sundry excursions to Tuckahoe, Communipaw, Babylon, Jericho, and Sheep's-head Bay.

After our preliminary conversation is over, we sit in silence, sometimes for half an hour, like an 'old salt' on a poor lay, perched at the mast-head, looking out for a whale; intently watching the door for the pleasure of having the first sight of our Gamaliel, at whose feet we sit for pleasure, edification, and mental refreshment. At length one whispers to the other, 'Lo! he comes.' We rise to receive him: he complaisantly rubs his hands over his face, generally blows his nose, and then salutes the company: 'Ah! Bovis, how do you do?' 'Silk — all well?' 'Well, old gray-beard, how do you feel to-night?' Each one responds separately for himself, and each one again rises and solicits him to take his seat.

I am not jealous; I never had any selfish feelings: I know that I am old; but I cannot help observing that he invariably sits down next to Bovis — thrice-happy Bovis!

Bovis and Graver — Graver and Bovis — are so inseparably linked together in my mind, that I really fear, if Graver should sit next to me

that I should involuntarily imagine that I was Bovis, until, like Des Cartes, I should put the impression through a regular process of ratiocination: (E. G.) Cogito: Ergo sum Oldschool.

Graver is a gentleman, an artist, and a scholar; one who embodies the ideal and the real. In appearance, there is something between Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wolcott, only on a lesser scale, both in stature and rotundity. His head is well-developed and carried erect, indicative of self-confidence and the merest tinge of aristocracy. He is the great lion of our club, but for whom we should be nil — nothing — no where. He is a man of many and varied abilities; poetic, prosy, prolix, didactic; courteous, but dogmatic; grave, gay; dull, agreeable; sententious, desultory; light, ponderous; consistently inconsistent, and perseveringly determinate: an Ollapodian encyclopediac; a locomotive lexicon; a devoted artist, and a confirmed authority in æsthetics and gastronomies: in fact, a motley compound of incongruities, incompatibly blended; the acid and the sweet, the weak and the strong, so harmoniously amalgamated into a sort of living, moving, thinking, speaking human punch, which the most fastidious Epicurean must admire and linger over.

Greatness, thy name is Graver!

Graver usually opens the conversation for the night by some well-timed and pleasant remarks on the pleasure enjoyed at our last meeting, and his lucubrations thereon on his way homeward. The young men, Silk and Bovis, then open the flood-gates of *their* eloquence, occasionally interrupted by a correction from Graver on their errors of sentiment or philosophy; a wrong quotation, or perhaps a chronological anachronism, or something of that kind. I am modestly compelled to listen, and rarely, except with great diffidence, ever undertake to say any thing about the matter; but then there are always opportunities in such conversations to slide in a word edge-wise. I never undertake it unless I feel well-fortified by authorities to back me.

I was once, however, indiscreet enough to hazard my opinion on some matter, the nature of which I do not now remember, and the 'scare' that I got on that occasion has obliterated it for ever from my mind. It was strongly opposed by Graver. I deferentially attempted to sustain myself, conscious that I was right; but, alas! I was soon convinced of my error. The subject was dropped that night, and, as I trusted, for ever; but, as Seneca truly said: 'Let no man consider himself happy before he is dead.'

At our next meeting Graver called the attention of the club to my conduct the previous night. He gravely charged me with insanity, and directed the members to resolve themselves into a '*Commission de lunatico inquirendo*.' I was instantly impeached, and ordered on trial at once. I was taken by surprise; I cast an anxious, inquiring look upon my triers — all was blank. The trial proceeded; Graver put in his specifications; I attempted my defence, firm in my belief of the mighty truths I had uttered. I felt courageous. Truth was on my side. I always was firm in my faith that 'Truth was great, and would prevail.' In the language of one of our living poets:

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amidst her worshippers.'

I quoted in my defence many learned authors, but was stopped by Graver, who contended that it was an unnecessary waste of time to proceed farther with the trial. I had already condemned myself by the very course I had pursued in my vindication; that if it did not evince total madness, it plainly indicated an idiosyncrasy amounting to a monomania. I had quoted ridiculous extracts from great men, when he doubted whether I had ever read their writings; I had talked incoherently, and, what was more conclusive, excitedly: he had watched my eyes; they betokened a wild energy so utterly at variance with their previous placidity, that if they did not intend to make their sittings permanent, a verdict had better be rendered at once: beside, it was getting late, and he wanted to go home. I replied that I had heard that argument used before: 'The man must hang, because the jury want to dine.' He turned upon me a bitter scowl, and I thought of the Grand Inquisitor at Goa. I appealed to Bovis, and entreated him, in moving terms, to side with me; to 'stand by the old man;' to be careful and not take from me the only pleasure, next to meeting with them, that I possessed — my own self-reliance on my unclouded judgment. Bovis said he had nothing to do with feelings; he regretted the crisis, but had long anticipated it. Justice must be done, 'though the heavens should fall.' He whispered to Graver: I saw my doom was sealed — fool that I was, to appeal to *his* sympathies — *his* tender feelings; a butcher — one who ruthlessly and systematically puts his bloody knife across the throats of the most innocent creatures that browse upon the face of earth. Butcher — I do n't mind those who kill filthy swine, or knock on the head great big brutes, with ugly, murderous horns upon their heads, or even noisy, bel-lowing calves; but little lambkins — symbols of innocence — a man who murders *them* without sentiment is worse than a butcher: he is —

I find I am getting warm. I love lambs — even Charles Lamb; but my own case is on hand. I am lamb-like; but, being old, perhaps I had better compare myself to a bell-wether — others may possibly say, an old ram. I gave Bovis a last imploring look; he shook his head: 'Can't do it, old fellow,' said he: 'Salt won't save you!'

I looked at Silk: I thought I beheld a benevolent glow upon his finely-chiselled features. It was like the polar-star to the ship-wrecked mariner — my only hope. 'My dear friend, Mr. Silk,' said I, in my blandest and softest tones, 'is not this carrying the joke too far?'

'Joke!' said he, a deep shadow flitting across his face; 'do you consider this a JOKE? Now I am better satisfied than ever that you are — I am sorry to say it — irrecoverably *non compos mentis*.'

Graver nodded approbation; Bovis ha-ha'd, and Silk indulged in a huge guffaw. I was made to feel that Oldschool was an unfortunate, friendless, victimized individual.

At the next meeting they passed a formal resolution that I might continue my visits to the club on condition that I acted more discreetly for the future. I accepted the boon gratefully: had they expelled me, I should have been as much perplexed as the man who had courted a lady nightly for seventeen years, and being asked why he did not marry her, promptly replied: 'If I do marry her, where the deuce shall I then go to spend my evenings?'

Mr. Graver ever after this event treated me with more than usual condescension. One evening, I remember, the other members being absent, he invited me to take a walk with him. I was too happy at the compliment to say a single word about my rheumatism: he said his physician had recommended him more exercise than he usually had: he took me round a circuit of two miles and upward, agreeably shortening the distance by a chronological and personal history of all the kings of England from Ethelbert and Edgar down to William the Fourth, which he finished just as we entered the door of our club-room, on our return. I was overcome with admiration, and I could not help recalling Goldsmith's description of the village school-master:

'WHOSE words, of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head should carry all he knew.'

Lately I find that Graver is becoming deeply read in physiology. He discourses with a great deal of unction about the heart, lungs, liver, and the viscera generally; diaphragm, midriff, arteries, veins, absorbents, ducts, secretions, congestions, etc.; and he carries his remarks even to the bar: says that brandy mines great holes into the liver; that gin, while it ruins the liver, acts on the kidneys, and is a great assistant in dissolving the calculus in the bladder, and the like. The terms in medical science are all so very learned that it very perceptibly affects his ordinary language. He has lately almost discarded monosyllables and dissyllables, rarely uttering any thing less than a trisyllable, and not unfrequently, and very unexpectedly, bang! out comes a thundering sesquipedillion.

Nevertheless, 'Greatness, thy name is Graver!'

There is also another character: he does not belong to our club; but, as he is an original, and is frequently spoken of by us, all of whom are personally acquainted with him, I think it but an act of simple justice that he should be spoken of in this connection. His name is Mr. Bon. I have observed particularly his eccentricities for a long time. He is very conversable, shrewd, and rather disposed to be agreeable. He usually come in about nine o'clock, salutes his acquaintances, and then walks up to the back of the room, takes a chair, and puts it in a good situation for the light; looks up at the gas, as if to see that it is fully on; takes up the newspaper, and having carefully rubbed his spectacles with his handkerchief, holds them up to the light to see that they are perfectly clear; then deliberately puts them on, adjusts them properly on his nose — settles himself comfortably in his chair, and then — is *fast asleep* in less than three minutes by Shrewsbury clock. After sleeping an hour or more, he wakes up, puts the paper back on the table, takes off his spectacles, shuts them up, puts them in his pocket, goes up to the bar and imbibes a glass of wine, and does not look at the paper again until the next night, and then under precisely the same circumstances.

I should consider my subject incomplete if I were to omit speaking of our principal host; a gentleman, and decidedly a man of exquisite taste, as the arrangements of his house abundantly show; for a more appropriately-arranged room, combining more comforts, or more strictly chaste

in its decorations and pictures, is not to be found in Gotham. Our host has an honest, frank independence about him, that will always secure the best order in his house; and under no circumstances will he permit any abuse of his rights as landlord and proprietor. If persons visiting his place are not willing to comply with his orderly arrangements, they must leave it. His establishment is systematically ordered, and he will not submit to any infringement on his system by friend or foe. Every man is equal there so long as he behaves himself, but no longer. Our host is always more or less engaged, and it is seldom that he can favor us with his company; but when he does, he is always agreeable; full of anecdote, for he has seen life in all its phases, and is a keen observer of men and manners. He has been to California, and frequently delights us with descriptions of life on the Isthmus and in the auriferous regions. He is decidedly good company; so that if, with a good host; pure liquors, moderately imbibed, and of the best quality; generally a select company, and a room that combines all the essentials of comfort, decorated and furnished with an elegance that will favorably compare with a Union-Square parvenue parlor — if, I say, a man cannot enjoy himself there, he had better turn anchorite and hide himself in a cave.

If our club should hereafter increase, and the reader should be willing to tolerate 'the old man,' he may add a supplementary sheet to the present desultory sketch.

ZACHARIAH OLDSCHOOL.

N I N E .

I CANNOT tell what lovelier grace
Thy growing years may add to thee,
What fairer charms of form and face
Our partial eyes may see :

I only know thou canst not gain
A purer spirit than is thine ;
And I would have thee e'er remain
The simple child of nine.

Couldst thou but keep in riper youth
The virtues of this tender age,
And join to innocence and truth
The virtues of the sage :

Could future years unto thee bring
The strength of life without its stain,
Oh! thou wouldst be too rare a thing
For mortals to retain.

I ask all blessings Time imparts
To crown this gentle child of nine;
A child so dear to many hearts,
So very dear to mine.

CHARLES W. BAIRD.

THE DYING ATHEIST.

A LESSON OF WARNING.

I HAVE looked my last on the glorious earth,
And the golden light of day;
For the sun that rises to-morrow morn
Will shine on my lifeless clay:
The beings above me still will act
The drama of life and death,
While I shall be sleeping a dreamless sleep
In the damp, cold ground beneath.

I have trod the earth but two-score years,
Yet I find it a weary path:
I have borne with the scorn and hate of fools,
And the bigot's fiery wrath,
Because I would not be their slave,
And could not stoop to bow
As a meek and humble suppliant
To a God I do not know.

But that is past: it matters not;
I care not now for that;
I've paid them back with scorn for scorn,
And ten-fold hate for hate:
I envy not their coward fear
Of their tyrant-God's decree;
And the Heaven they would revel in
Would be a Hell for me.

But oh! that the friends that loved me once,
And shrank from my side in fear,
When wakened thought first urged me on
To my dark and lone career —
That only *one* were here, to soothe
My fearful anguish now;
That the gentle hand of love might wipe
The death-damp from my brow!

But it may not be: I have lived alone,
And alone I fain would die:
I would have no bigot here to mark
My dying agony;
To wait, with curious zeal, to catch
My last wild, faltering breath,
And read, in the pang of the parting soul,
A craven fear of Death.

Afraid of DEATH! — I shall joy to see
His ghastly form by my side;
And I long to clasp his skeleton-hand
As a lover clasps his bride:
For his coming will end the weariness
Of a sorrow-burdened breast,
And lead me away from a joyless life
To a long and dreamless rest.

H.

CIRCUMSTANCES, AND THEIR VICTIMS.

BY GIL CRACKERTON.

HE who said that language was a contrivance for concealing our thoughts from others, was either wholly wrong or but half right. Conceding he was right as far as the definition extended, we submit whether he should not have added that it was a device by which we could hide from ourselves what we were really thinking about, and by which we could drug reflection and thought altogether.

‘Why, Robert, what *has* kept you out so late this evening?’ ‘Circumstances, my dear; a combination of circumstances.’ The better-half of our friend Bob drops the subject. She is a sweet and amiable little woman, who married for love; and that same love, which five years ago was fed very considerably on moon-light, honey-suckles, and the songs of whip-poor-wills, was after all the genuine article; and in spite of the conservative state of Bob’s affairs from year to year, has made no efforts to get out of his windows. His reply surely is not very explicit, and affords no very clear exposition as to the causes that *did* operate to prevent his coming home at a more seasonable hour. His passive little mate has heard this explanation before; and with all her powers of cross-examination, even were she inclined to employ them, she feels it to be a clincher, and a very quietus to farther inquiry. Now this little woman, as she has been a hundred times before, is an easy and unconscious ‘victim of circumstances.’ But she is not the only victim that sits in that small yet tastefully-furnished chamber, for Bob, sinner as he is, has just been fleeced of his last ‘quarter’ at billiards.

Bob (we call him by the only name he goes by; and to designate him here as *Mr.* — any-body would, to say the least of it, be cracking a joke in an unsuitable place) had entered upon his ‘lawful age’ with all the advantages or disadvantages, as the case may be, of a fine person, cleverness, and the reputation of being a down-right good fellow. He fell in love, and dashed into matrimony just as a self-relying, three-day kitten would make an expedition down a flight of stairs — to wit, blind: blind in love, and stark blind as to what he was going to do with a wife, or how or where he was going to keep her. But fortune favors the brave, thought he; and he recollected Franklin’s injunction to marry early. Indeed, he felt *called* to get married, by the force of circumstances which he could not control, and which, like a true knight and a sensible man, he says he would not have controlled if he could. But, rich as Bob has been in the possession of a pearl ‘richer,’ as he calls her, ‘than all his tribe,’ his worldly estate, in other respects, has not thriven. True, he has occasionally ‘taken up arms against a sea of circumstances,’ but, owing to some little trifles touching the opposition thereof, has never conquered. He has flung into the bosom of the waters the chains and fetters of dominion; but only, like Canute, to be laughed at for his pains. If he does really set himself down before a fortress of hostile

circumstances, there is sure to be a combination of other circumstances to raise the siege. And thus it has ever been; (we have our knowledge from the martyr himself:) he gets the worst of it, and is a very 'victim of circumstances.'

'Bob,' inquires an old school-mate, after some half-a-dozen years had expired since their joint release from academical bondage, 'how goes the world? Made your fortune, eh?' Answer: 'Why, so-so. . . Can't say that I have made a fortune, or any thing like it; and—being a married man—to tell the truth, I have scarcely made my living. The fact is just this: circumstances have been against me.' Now we have an opinion of our own about the state of matters, and fancy it would be interesting just to take a peep into the chambers of Bob's noddle at this moment, and witness the doings and carryings-on of things thereto appertaining. It probably would not be very wide from the mark to say, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this same young gentleman, while giving these explanations and excuses, has no precise or definite idea of what he is talking about. He is asked, as it were, to give an account of himself, (a decidedly awkward position sometimes;) he is a little embarrassed at first; but there is a way of escape; and with an unerring instinct of self-defence, he knows where it lies. It is in one mystical and all-powerful word of four syllables: '*Circumstances*.' He summons it to his aid; envelops both the interrogator and himself in a fog, and of course makes the best retreat he can.

If a vigorous and muscular man should be placed in the channel of a stream, with a staunch boat, well-furnished with poles, oars, and paddles, we should consider him in no very critical position; but, on the contrary, very fairly provided with appliances for managing his own affairs. If we should afterward find this same lusty gentleman slowly and lazily revolving in some eddy below, bewailing his position, and charging the flowing waters with the burden of his state, we doubt if we should have much sympathy to spare in his case. Sympathy! No. We should rather feel inclined, if he began to tune his Æolian harp, to kick him into a sense of his responsibility for neglecting the means of self-direction which had been placed in his hands. Such is the stream of Life: and such is the fate of too many who journey thereon. Such is the reward of inaction: and such, it may be suggested to those who saddle 'circumstances,' so-called, with burdens which belong to themselves, is the kind of consideration they will receive from the world.

The plea of circumstances as a defence is in the majority of cases a sham. It may hush the impertinence of idle curiosity, but does not satisfy the mind of legitimate inquiry. It is a counterfeit; and though current to some extent, it seldom deceives. It is at best but a vaporish excuse; an apology; a pretext. It is an old trick: very dexterously used sometimes; but the 'knowing ones' are up to the dodge. It is wrong in conscience; and, as a matter of policy, 'no go;' and therefore let us away with it.

There is, however, a class of circumstances to which we have not alluded, and which, by way of distinction from those we have mentioned above, which may be termed circumstances *apologetic*, we will call circumstances *conditional*. There hangs about this latter class a positive and

fearful interest; an interest which may justify us in dwelling for a few moments on the important part they play in connection with individual action and enterprise.

Business called us not long since to the counting-room of Mr. Anthony Spriggens, importer and dealer in 'merchandise.' He is a thrifty man, both in body and estate. With a placid disposition, always manifest in his gentle deportment toward the outer world, and which has perhaps derived additional blandness from the snug condition of his private affairs, Mr. Spriggens could not, with a fair stomach, (and he has one,) be otherwise than fat. Stop! we are wrong. He is not fat; that is, not in any gross sense of the word; but respectably and gentlemanly plump. It is a pleasure to look upon this round, neat, and smiling man on a summer's morning; his countenance is so unruffled and calm. 'Tis doubtful whether he ever perspires, for even in the hottest of dog-days he looks cool as a lobster. If we might be allowed to speak after the manner of the poets, we would say, touching the complexion of this gentleman, it is like the lily of the valley, upon which the rose never intrudes, except when—as on a few occasions it *has* happened—he gets into very, very hot water. But this is a world filled with all manner of envy and uncharitableness; and Spriggens has shared the common fate. There are some who have cut him because he once pleaded usury and made a plum by it; and there are others who have so far forgotten themselves as to call him a hypocritical old scamp.

'The stupid dunce!' says the off-hand Miss —, as Spriggens had taken his leave on a January call.

'Oh, my dear, you should not talk in that way!' says Aunt Charity, 'for you know he is such a *good* man.'

Now, assuming the premises to be true, that Spriggens *is* a good man, we can assure these ladies that he is not a fool by a long shot. He is a man of judgment and discernment, and claims to understand thoroughly his duties as a member of society. Good as Aunt Charity deems him to be, his favorite maxim is, 'Let us be just before we are generous.' He is, therefore, frequently compelled, in the stern exercise of his quasi-judicial functions, (we have it from his own lips,) to repress those tender emotions which are daily, as he frankly admits, welling up from his heart.

But, in the exuberance of our interest in this good man, we are forgetting that we had a recent occasion to call upon him. We regard it as fortunate, for it gave us a pretext for further cultivation of his society, and a closer appreciation of those qualities which constitute a pleasant and good man.

As we entered his office, he was addressing, in soft and honeyed accents, the following words to Mr. Green, a fast man, dealer in rail-road, mining, and other stocks:

'It will depend very much on circumstances. I should be most happy to comply with your wishes, of course; and, indeed, feel at present inclined to do so; and if circumstances permit, you may count upon the thing as a certainty.'

Mr. Green *seems* quite satisfied, and bids his friend good-morning. Now why does this latter gentleman retire with such serene resignation?

For the best reason in the world: he cannot help himself. The guillotine has fallen upon the very neck and shoulders of his business with Mr. Spriggens that morning. The ready instrument came down, of course, politely: smooth, and radiant with light; but it performed its work. Spriggens knew it had; Green *felt* it had; for Spriggens and Green were both 'old ones,' and knew that circumstances *would*, in some '*unexpected*' way, prevent the first-named gentleman from carrying out his expressed wishes in the premises. The only objectionable point in Green's deportment in this little business transaction, was that, on closing the door gently behind him, he added a very unamiable qualification to the circumstances alluded to by Spriggens, and wished them to—parts unknown. In other respects, Green was wise, and behaved with the most decorous propriety; for whenever called again upon that morning's business. Knowing what he was in the habit of calling the 'ropes,' he saw at a glance that though the circumstances, behind which Spriggens so readily entrenched himself, belonged to the class 'conditional,' yet the conditions themselves fell under the head of those that are *fixed*, *settled*, and *determined*.

It would seem, therefore, taking our friends Spriggens and Bob as authority for the use of words and language, that there is some propriety in the foregoing definition. The first clearly aimed to conceal his real thoughts and intentions from his neighbor; and the second, not only to befog others, but himself likewise. The words employed in both cases were merely words; empty and dry as husks; they represented no ideas, and had no correlative in the brains of either of the speakers. They became meaningless from the very uses to which they were applied. Bob was anxious to throw a decent veil over the past, and Spriggens to erect a barrier for the future. And the empty word served the purposes of both.

We are not disposed to treat this word lightly. It has a meaning. It represents grave and serious things; things past, present, and to come; and when properly employed, is the exponent of those numberless agents which are continually varying, shifting, and modifying the condition of man upon earth; bearing upon his body and his spirit; ever making and ever changing the relations which he bears to his fellow-man, and to those invisible but efficient influences which are always around him.

Smith took the first honors of his class at college. He well deserved them. He was a hard worker, self-denying, quick and accurate in his perceptions, and ambitious. Nature had given him a robust constitution, ardent feelings, and an intense desire to excel in whatever he undertook. The course of studies was prescribed; his path was marked out for him; he entered upon it, and *did* excel. His success was partly owing to natural gifts, but chiefly to the habit which he had formed of doing whatever his hands found to do, with all his might. He was, of course, the marked man of his class; and no one doubted he would make his mark in life. Twenty years have passed over his head since then; and though starting in life under favorable auspices for rapid advancement, he is now literally nothing but a respectable and nice sort of a man, who has done but little more than just to live respectably, and do no body any harm. What a realization of school aspirations!

Compared with his means, his life has thus far been a failure; and his failure is perfectly reconcilable with every indication at college. Whatever was *put* into his hands to do, he did, and did it well; and so, we are told, he has continued to do. He was then, and is now, equal to his occasions; but that is all. He has failed in life. He has lived obscurely, and as he is ambitious, not very happily. He is an upright, respected, but disappointed man.

Smith has been, emphatically, a man of 'circumstances.' True, he has not dealt with them exactly *à la* Napoleon, turning defeats into victories; raising magnificent structures from chaotic materials; but he deals with them as he does with invitations to dinners and parties; to wit: 'Mr. Smith accepts with pleasure.'

If in the various aspects in which humanity exhibits its weakness—in its manifold twistings of principle, and contortions of conscience to escape blame—there be one that invokes the indignity of HEAVEN and the sneers of earth, it is when these self-styled 'circumstantial' victims endeavor to cast the whole responsibility of their drawbacks upon PROVIDENCE or the opposition of man. No, no; let us be frank, and own up like men, that in nine cases out of ten our failures are the necessary results of our own sluggish and procrastinating natures.

If a man upon deliberation, and after calculation of the work and self-denial it will cost him, *elects* to give up his chances in the races of life for wealth, honor, and place, very well. Let him do so; the world will not complain. If in compliance with his tastes he *chooses* to be a non-entity, it is pretty certain that society will throw no impediments in his way, but rather, with the sweetest of its smiles, wish him much joy.

But if he has any real and worthy aspirations, if he sets a right value on the good things of this world, which are ready for his taking, then has he indeed something to live for. But this aspiration is not all. His work is not as yet commenced; and he has but a dim glimpse even of what constitutes his mission. How was it with Smith? Did he lack moral sentiments or mental power? No. Was he crushed, or even opposed by outward circumstances? No. Was he wanting in the true conception of what was good, heroic, great? No. Pray, then, it will be asked, what *was* the matter? The matter was this: a mere trifle perhaps in worldly affairs, but nevertheless important to Smith: He did not seem to realize, or, at all events, he did not act upon the distinction between doing whatever *happened to come to his hands*, and *finding something to do*.

In reference to Smith, we have just three things to say: As he is intelligent and amiable, we like him, and put a value on his acquaintance. As he is without envy or rancor in his heart, and never complains about opposing circumstances, we respect him; but as he is ambitious, proud, yet non-progressive, we have other feelings touching his case; but he is the last man in the world to whom we would disclose them.

If we were absolutely the 'creatures of circumstances,' then would we indeed be under the rule of the most capricious of tyrants. A Roman emperor hung his edicts in small characters and on high pillars, that he might ensnare his subjects. But this would be better than that chaotic state of existence wherein there is no code, no rule of action whereby

we could direct our steps and avoid danger ; a state in which we are subject to the whims of a blind and invisible centurion, (under no authority,) who says to us, Go, and we go ; Come, and we come ; a tyrant who exacts of us a complete surrender of our individual wills and the right to work and struggle for ourselves.

But it is far otherwise. We are *not* blind and senseless atoms, to be tossed and driven to and fro by the elements about us. No ; God be praised, we are living beings ; men ; with the divine seal upon us ; armed, gloriously and heavenly armed to do battle with the difficulties and temptations or—what we are otherwise pleased to designate—the ‘circumstances’ of life. But circumstances, we submit, if properly regarded, are not hostile ; for if adverse, they are means which PROVIDENCE employs to discipline our hearts ; and if passive, they are such as HE has placed in our reach, to be used and shaped to our service. ‘But,’ says dolorous inactivity, ‘we *are*, after all, dependent on circumstances, *any way you can fix it.*’ All right ; and so are we on our horses, if we have made up our minds to ride. But if we are dependent on circumstances, and they *are* really to carry us through life, then, for God’s sake, let them be saddled, and bridled, and whipped to our uses. Let them be trained into steeds of conquest, and not accepted as dead weights to be carried on our backs.

Let us not be misunderstood. We do not mean to say that circumstances are *wholly* under our control, but that among the great mass which are often lumped together as the inevitables and inexorables, there are those, and constituting perhaps the greatest portion, which are, or may be made, subject to our own control. We can create them, surmount them, dodge them, or, what is better still, *appropriate* them as means and instruments of progress. But we must discriminate ; for, as we are not to succumb to every event that seems to oppose us, so are we neither to waste time in Quixotic expeditions against such as are clearly the dispensations of the Providential Will.

If there be any thing in what we have written, it seems to us to involve this simple proposition : that our mission in this world is not a passive obedience to the circumstances in which we may happen to be placed, but a resolute and active exercise of all our powers to convert them to the best and noblest uses ; that we should deal with them as a smith deals with tough iron ; pound them, and bend them, and beat them, till they yield in greater or lesser degree to our purpose ; that we should conform to the spirit as well as to the letter of the law which imposes work upon us as a condition to our happiness ; that we should not fold our arms after doing what our hands have *found* to do, but enter upon and, if possible, accomplish what our best impulses *prompt* us to do.

As we are not placed upon earth to act a passive part in its affairs, we may conclude our mission is not to worship merely, but to work also. It is an easy and pleasant thing to linger about the shrine of genius, to study and analyze its works. We love to look at and to talk about results which have followed the exercise of iron wills and patient labor. We have our laurels ever fresh and ready for the brows of true heroism, in whatever department of life it may have been displayed. But our interest and love is apt to be partial, and spent upon results only. It is

upon the splendid edifice completed, its rich architecture and graceful proportions, that our minds, for the most part, prefer to dwell. The cheerless excavations that are to receive the cold granite foundations present no charms even to the devoutest of worshippers. And thus, too, is it with the preliminary steps in almost every pursuit or enterprise in life; and the sooner we learn that *means are requisite for ends*, and that aspirations are *not* achievements, and the sooner we act upon this knowledge, the better. True it is, these means are often dry and dismal; and though we may enter with resolute courage upon our work, and make even Herculean efforts in laying its foundations, the world notes them not, nor cares for them or us. The world is prudent and cautious. It reserves its opinion. It wastes but little love or interest in experiment. It waits for results; and if *they* are right, it is ready to lavish its praise not only upon the end accomplished, but the means by which it was attained.

One word more for both the fortunate and unfortunate 'victims' to whom we have alluded. The world is liberal as well as just. And while it is disinclined to take 'circumstances' as a pretext or excuse for our failures, it will nevertheless, as a general thing, see that 'circumstances' do not cheat us out of the honor of success. To our own good selves will it award the praise for victory, as well as the censure for defeat.

F L O R E N C E L E E .

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
Over mount and valley low,
As the Old Year lies a-dying
On his pallid bed of snow;
And I hear the distant ringing
Of St. CATHERINE'S convent-bell,
And the nuns as they go singing,
Chanting slowly, 'All is well!'
'All is well!' I mutter mildly;
'All is well!' but not to me;
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
Earth-lost angel, FLORENCE LEE!

Such a night of last December,
On the last day of the year,
Sat we then beside the embers,
Whispering to each other cheer.
As we welcomed the new-comer,
Little thought we of the dearth
Which the bright, long-looked-for
summer
Made around the homestead hearth;
Little thought we that the roses
Thou wouldst never live to see;
For the cold earth now reposes
On thy breast, dear FLORENCE LEE!

Mississippi River, Dec. 31, 1852.

VOL. XLII.

Through the long, long summer-hours
Angel-hands upon thy grave
Planted fair and beauteous flowers,
For the soft south wind to wave:
Where the dew-drops of the even
Sparkled in the morning sun,
As the stars in yonder heaven
When the gaudy day is done:
But the winds of autumn sadly
Wailed along the sunny lea,
Scattering all the leaflets madly
O'er thy tomb, fair FLORENCE LEE!

Oh! the winter-winds are sighing
Over mount and valley low,
As the Old Year lies a-dying -
On his pallid bed of snow:
And I hear the distant ringing
Of Saint CATHERINE'S convent-
bell,
And the nuns as they go singing,
Chanting slowly, 'All is well!'
'All is well!' I mutter mildly;
'All is well!' but not to me;
For I loved thee, oh! too wildly,
Love-lost angel, FLORENCE LEE!

LYRICS OF THE MODERN CONQUEST.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY COPPKE, UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

PLAN del Rio, Plan del Rio,
Nature's gate* to Paradise,
Through thy mountain-gorge in thunder
Fast the Northern soldier flies.

Ha! thy portals check his fury;
Ha! his cannon-wheels are still;
Lo! he sees your bristling thousands
High on Cerro Gordo hill.

Halt not long; now fly the axes;
Fast we clear a wood-land way,
And ere yet the foe is 'ware it,
Bursts upon him our array.

Now we man the nearest hill-top;
Only lies the vale between:
List! a single voice comes floating
Faintly over the ravine.

'Tis a voice of scurril language,
English words, and plainly said:
'Come, ye cowards, come and take us!
'Come! of what are ye afraid?' †

'Whist! my men, give back no answer;
Now in silence 'bide your time';
Keep your voices for the morrow,
When their eyrie-height we climb.'

Scarce the tropic dawn is glowing;
Scarce your eye can pierce the dark,
When one voice breaks through the stillness:
'Tis our gallant leader -- hark!

FORWARD! -- like the pealing thunder,
Thousand voices swell the sound!
While mid groans, and smoke, and fire,
Far it echoes round and round.

Every eye is glaring wildly;
Every sabre swinging high;
Every musket at the shoulder,
Ready all to do or die.

All are doing, many dying;
God of mercy, how they fall!
'Forward ever!' fast and fearless,
Now we reach the outer wall.

Here we halt to close together;
Here one 'Anglo-Saxon yell,'
And like surging billows breaking,
Pour we on their citadel.

Then thy palisad'd ravine,
Plan del Rio, heard the cries;
Now the 'Bravo Santiago,'
Now the shrill 'hurrahs' that rise.

Swords are dripping, bayonets bloody,
Prayers and curses blending high;
'Three times three! the fight is over;
'Three times three for victory!'

On the 'royal road' retreating,
Like the heavings of the sea,
O'er the fields like spray dispersing,
Every where for life they flee.

Scarce the battle-din is fainter,
Still the wind brings back the shout,
When like tigers from their coverts
Our dragoons are on the route.

'Spare, oh spare!' the hot blood boileth;
Still the sabres whirl in air;
'Spare! oh spare!' the rich blood poureth:
'For God's holy MOTHER spare!'

Now the smoky clouds are lifting;
Earth lies drunken, dark and red;
Now, through dead and dying roaming,
Woman comes to seek her dead.

'Brave American!' she sobbeth,
Tossing wild her arms in air,
'Tell me where my Luis lieth!
'Tell me, is my Luis here?'

'I have waited for his coming
Where he told me I should wait,
When we parted yester morning --
Parted at our cottage gate:

'And alas! alas! he came not!
And perchance he bleedeth here!'
On she wandered mid the bodies,
Wandered on in doubt and fear.

'Ah, that scream! 'tis he, her husband:
Then there comes a long, low cry;
'Tis the sound when hearts are breaking.
With their kindred hearts to die.

Tell me, when the morning-papers
Told the gallant deeds of war,
Thought ye of such sounds that echoed
Other than the glad 'Hurrah!'

How the ringing screams of anguish
Welled up from the bloody sod!
How the fever-thirst cried 'Water!
Water! for the love of God!'

Cerro Gordo, Cerro Gordo!
Thy rich slopes with men are sown;
At thy base the vulture flieth,
Where his luscious prey is thrown.‡

* The country immediately above Plan del Rio is called by the Mexicans the Paradise of the territory.

† These identical words, with some scurrilous additions, were used by some Mexican who could speak English.

‡ The Mexican dead, owing to the rocky nature of the ground, were not buried, but thrown into the ravine at the foot of the Cerro.

Cerro Gordo, on thy summit
 War with iron tramp hath trod :
 Yet how silent hath he left thee !
 Silent till the day of God.

When the mighty angel's tramping
 Heaven's eternal arch shall fill,
 Once again shall battle-thousands
 Stand on Cerro Gordo hill.

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE
 LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED. *

CHAPTER THREE.

ALI-RODOLPHE; OR, THE TURK PERFORCE.

OSTRACIZED by an inhospitable proprietor, Rodolphe had for some time been leading a life compared with which the existence of a cloud is rather stationary. He practised assiduously the arts of going to bed without supper, and supping without going to bed. He often dined with Duke Humphrey, and generally slept at the sign of the clear sky. Still, amid all these crosses and troubles, two things never forsook him: his good-humor and the manuscript of '*The Avenger*,' a drama which had gone the rounds of all the theatres in Paris.

One day Rodolphe, who had been *juggled* for some slight choregraphic extravagances, stumbled upon an uncle of his, one Monetti, a stove-maker and chimney-doctor, and Sergeant of the National Guard, whom he had not seen for an age. Touched by his nephew's misfortunes, Uncle Monetti promised to ameliorate his position. We shall see how, if the reader is not afraid of mounting six stories.

Take note of the banisters, then, and follow. Up we go! Whew! one hundred and twenty-five steps! Here we are at last. One more step, and we are in the room; one more yet, and we should be out of it again. It's little, but high up, beside the advantages of good air and a fine prospect.

The furniture is composed of two French stoves, several German ditto, some ovens on the economic plan, (especially if you never make fire in them,) a dozen stove-pipes, some red clay, some sheet-iron, and a whole host of heating-apparatus. We may mention, to complete the inventory, a hammock suspended from two nails inserted in the wall, a three-legged garden-chair, a candle-stick adorned with its *bobèche*, and some other similar objects of elegant art. As to the second room—that is to say, the balcony—two dwarf cypresses, in pots, make a park of it for fine weather.

At the moment of our entry, the occupant of the premises, a young man, dressed like a Turk of the Comic Opera, is finishing a repast, in which he shamelessly violates the law of the Prophet. Witness a bone that was once a ham, and a bottle that *has been* full of wine. His meal

over, the young Turk stretches himself on the floor in true Eastern style, and begins carelessly to smoke a *narghilé*. While abandoning himself to this Asiatic luxury, he passes his hand from time to time over the back of a magnificent Newfoundland dog, who would doubtless respond to his caresses were he not also in red clay, to match the rest of the furniture.

Suddenly a noise was heard in the entry, and the door opened, admitting a person who, without saying a word, marched straight to one of the stoves, which served for secretary, opened the stove-door, and drew out a bundle of papers.

'Hallo!' cried the new-comer, after examining the manuscript attentively, 'the chapter on ventilators not finished yet!'

'Allow me to observe, Uncle,' replied the Turk, 'the chapter on ventilators is one of the most interesting in your book, and requires to be studied with care. I *am* studying it.'

'That's what you tell me all the time. And the chapter on stoves—where are you in that?'

'The stoves are going on well; but, by-the-way, Uncle, if you could give me a little wood, it would n't hurt me. It is a little Siberia here. I am so cold, that I make a thermometer go down below zero just by looking at it.'

'What! you've used up one faggot already?'

'Allow me to remark again, Uncle, there are different kinds of faggots, and yours was the very smallest kind.'

'I'll send you an economic log*—that keeps the heat.'

'Exactly, and does n't give any.'

'Well,' said the uncle as he went off, 'you shall have a little faggot, and I must have my chapter on stoves for to-morrow.'

'When I have fire, that will inspire me,' answered the Turk as he heard himself locked in.

Were we making a tragedy, this would be the time to bring in a *confidant*. Nouredin or Osman he should be called, advancing to our hero with an air at the same time discreet and patronizing:

To console him for his reverses,
By means of these three verses:

'What saddening grief, my Lord, assails you now?
Why sits this pallor on your noble brow?
Does ALLAH lend your plans no helping hand?
Or cruel ALI, with severe command,
Remove to other shores the beauteous dame
Who charmed your eyes and set your heart on flame?'

But we are not making a tragedy, so we must do without our *confidant*, though he would be very convenient.

Our hero is not what he appears to be. The turban does not make the Turk. This young man is our friend Rodolphe, entertained by his uncle, for whom he is drawing up a manual of '*The Perfect Chimney-man*.' In fact, Mr. Monetti, an enthusiast for his art, had consecrated his days to the science of chimneys. One day he formed the idea of

* THESE *economic logs* are back-logs made of some sort of composition, which consume very gradually, and take up much of the room which might otherwise be occupied by more perishable fuel. What addition they make to the heat of the room is a matter of opinion.

drawing up, for the benefit of posterity, a theoretic code of the principles of that art, in the practice of which he so excelled, and he had chosen his nephew, as we have seen, to frame the substance of his ideas in an intelligible form. Rodolphe was found in board, lodging, and other contingencies, and at the completion of the manual was to receive a gratification of three hundred francs.

In the beginning, to encourage his nephew, Monetti had generously made him an advance of fifty francs. But Rodolphe, who had not seen so much silver together for nearly a year, went out, half crazy, in company with his money, staid out three days, and on the fourth came home alone! Thereupon the uncle, who was in haste to have his *Manual* finished, inasmuch as he hoped to get a patent for it, dreading some new diversion on his nephew's part, determined to make him work by preventing him from going out. To this end he carried off his garments, and left him instead the disguise under which we have seen him. Nevertheless, the famous *Manual* continued to make *very* slow progress, for Rodolphe had no genius whatever for this kind of literature. The uncle avenged himself for this lazy indifference on the great subject of chimneys by making his nephew undergo a host of annoyances. Sometimes he cut short his commons, and frequently stopped the supply of tobacco.

One Sunday, after having sweated blood and ink on the great chapter of ventilators, Rodolphe broke the pen, which was burning his fingers, and went out to walk—in his *park*. As if on purpose to plague him, and excite his envy the more, he could not cast a single look about him without perceiving the figure of a smoker at every window.

On the gilt balcony of a new house opposite, an exquisite in his dressing-gown was biting off the end of an aristocratic *panatellas*. A story above, an artist was sending before him an odorous cloud of Turkish tobacco from his amber-mouthed pipe. At the window of a beer-shop, a fat German was crowning a foaming tankard, and emitting, with the regularity of a machine, the dense puffs that escaped from his *meer-schaum*. On the other side, a group of work-men were singing as they passed on their way to the barriers, their *throat-scorchers* between their teeth. Finally, all the other pedestrians visible in the street were smoking.

'Woe is me!' sighed Rodolphe: 'except myself and my uncle's chimneys, all creation is smoking at this hour!' And he rested his forehead on the bar of the balcony, and thought how dreary life was.

Suddenly, a burst of long and musical laughter parted under his feet. Rodolphe bent forward a little, to discover the source of this volley of gaiety, and perceived that *he* had been perceived by the tenant of the story beneath him, Mademoiselle Sidonia, of the Luxembourg Theatre. The young lady advanced on her balcony, rolling between her fingers, with the dexterity of a Spaniard, a paper-full of light-colored tobacco, which she took from a bag of embroidered velvet.

'What a sweet cigar-girl it is!' murmured Rodolphe, in an ecstasy of contemplation.

'Who is this *Ali-Babi*?' thought Mademoiselle Sidonia on her part.

And she meditated on a pretext for engaging in conversation with Rodolphe, who was himself trying to do the very same.

'Bless me!' cried the lady, as if talking to herself, 'what a bore! I've no matches!'

'Allow me to offer you some, Miss,' said Rodolphe, letting fall on the balcony two or three lucifers rolled up in paper.

'A thousand thanks,' replied Sidonia, lighting her cigarette.

'Pray, Miss,' continued Rodolphe, 'in exchange for the trifling service which my good angel has permitted me to render you, may I ask you to do me a favor?'

'Asking already,' thought the actress, as she regarded Rodolphe with more attention. 'They say these Turks are fickle, but very agreeable. Speak, Sir,' she continued aloud, raising her head toward the young man, 'what do you wish?'

'The charity of a little tobacco, Miss; only one pipe. I have not smoked for two whole days.'

'Most willingly: but how? Will you take the trouble to come down stairs?'

'Alas! I can't! I am shut up here, but am still free to employ a very simple means.' He fastened his pipe to a string, and let it glide down to her balcony, where Sidonia filled it profusely herself. Rodolphe then proceeded, with much care and deliberation, to re-mount his pipe, which arrived without accident. 'Ah, Miss!' he exclaimed, 'how much better this pipe would have seemed, if I could have lighted it at your eyes!'

It was at least the hundredth edition of this amiable pleasantry, but Sidonia found it superb for all that, and thought herself bound to reply: 'You flatter me.'

'I assure you, Miss, in right-down earnest, I think you handsomer than all the Three Graces together.'

'Decidedly, *Ali-Baba* is very polite,' thought Sidonia. 'Are you really a Turk?' she asked Rodolphe.

'Not by profession,' he replied, 'but by necessity. I am a dramatic author.'

'And I an artist,' she replied; then added, 'My dear Sir and neighbor, will you do me the honor to dine and spend the evening with me?'

'Alas!' answered Rodolphe, 'though your invitation is like opening heaven to me, it is impossible to accept it. As I had the honor to tell you, I am shut up here by my uncle, Mr. Monetti, stove-maker and chimney-doctor, whose secretary I now am.'

'You shall dine with me for all that,' replied Sidonia. 'Listen: I shall reënter my room, and tap on the ceiling. Look where I strike, and you will find the traces of a trap which used to be there, and has since been condemned. Find the means of removing the piece of wood which closes the hole, and then, although each in our own room, we shall be as good as together.'

Rodolphe went to work at once. In five minutes a communication was established between the two rooms.

'It is a very little hole,' said he, 'but there will always be room enough to pass you my heart.'

'Now,' said Sidonia, 'we will go to dinner. Set your table, and I will pass you the dishes.'

Rodolphe let down his turban by a string, and brought it back laden with eatables; then the poet and the actress proceeded to dine — on their respective floors. Rodolphe devoured the pie with his teeth, and Sidonia with his eyes.

'Thanks to you, Miss,' he said, when their repast was finished, 'my stomach is satisfied. Can you not also satisfy the void of my heart, which has been so long empty?'

'Poor fellow!' said Sidonia; and climbing on a piece of furniture, she lifted up her hand to Rodolphe's lips, who gloved it with kisses.

'What a pity,' he exclaimed, 'you can't do as Saint Denis, who had the privilege of carrying his head in his hands!'

To the dinner succeeded a sentimental literary conversation. Rodolphe spoke of '*The Avenger*,' and Sidonia asked him to read it. Leaning over the hole, he began declaiming his drama to the actress, who, to hear better, had put her arm-chair on the top of a chest of drawers. She pronounced '*The Avenger*' a master-piece, and having some influence at the theatre, promised Rodolphe to get his piece received.

But at the most interesting moment, a step was heard in the entry, about as light as that of the *Commander's* ghost in '*Don Juan*.' It was Uncle Monetti. Rodolphe had only just time to shut the trap.

'Here,' said Monetti to his nephew, 'this letter has been running after you for a month.'

'Uncle! Uncle!' cried Rodolphe, 'I am rich at last! This letter informs me that I have gained a prize of three hundred francs, given by an academy of floral games. Quick! my coat and my things! Let me go to gather my laurels. They await me at the Capitol!'

'And my chapter on ventilators?' said Monetti, coldly.

'I like that! Give me my things, I tell you; I can't go out so!'

'You shall go out when my *Manual* is finished,' quoth the uncle, shutting up his nephew under lock and key.

Rodolphe, when left alone, did not hesitate on the course to take. He transformed his quilt into a knotted rope, which he fastened firmly to his own balcony, and in spite of the risk, descended by this extempore ladder upon Mademoiselle Sidonia's.

'Who is there?' she cried, on hearing Rodolphe knock at her window.

'Hush!' he replied; 'open!'

'What do you want? Who are you?'

'Can you ask? I am the author of '*The Avenger*,' come to look for my heart, which I dropped through the trap into your room.'

'Rash youth!' said the actress, 'you might have killed yourself!'

'Listen, Sidonia,' continued Rodolphe, showing her the letter he had just received. 'You see, wealth and glory smile on me; let love do the same!'

By means of a masculine disguise, which Sidonia procured for him,

Rodolphe was enabled to escape from his uncle's lodging. He ran to the secretary of the academy of floral games, to receive a crown of gold sweet-brier, worth three hundred francs, which lived

— 'as live roses the fairest—
The space of a day.'

A month after, Mr. Monetti was invited by his nephew to assist at the first representation of '*The Avenger*.' Thanks to the talent of Made-moiselle Sidonia, the piece had a run of seventeen nights, and brought in forty francs to its author.

Some time later—it was in the warm season—Rodolphe lodged in the Avenue St. Cloud, third tree as you go out of the *Bois de Bologne*, on the fifth branch.

L O S T P R A Y E R S .

BY THOMAS H. HOWARD

UPON Time's outer verge I stand, while laves
My feet Eternity's immortal waves,
Knowing that all things which have been before

Shall be to me no more:
That dreams, emotions, vanities, desires,
Hope's incense on the altar of Youth's fires,
And man's ambition, that have been before,

Shall be no more:
No more the grief,
The sting, the passion, penitence, relief;
Sweet memories, the pearls of Life's brief story;
Sad memories, that dim the rising glory;
Joys which are spent, and sorrows gone before,
No more, no more!

O God, before I go,
Permit my heart its new-born zeal to know,
To know and understand, as well as feel;
My soul within this mantle broad and real
To wrap itself from woe:
A day, an hour, a moment yet impart
To hear the prayers of my o'erburdened heart:
Withhold the swoop of thy suspended sword
One moment yet, O LORD!

O spirit mine!
How many hearts have mingled, dust with dust,
Since first inspired me with immortal trust
Thy spark divine!
How many dwell in rapture or in woe
Where now I go!

And each hath felt in turn, as I to-night,
 Remorse, dread, hope, peace, confidence, delight;
 Each one, *alone*, hath trod the path to God
 Which all have trod,
 Nor found the road of all who turned to pray
 So difficult, when Reason led the way;
 And I, though at this hour I know not why,
 Have always deemed it difficult to die:
 This body, which my soul shall know no more,
 This body, which God lent me, to restore.

But now at last
 The Future's radiant beams dispel the Past;
 And with the lid
 Of HEAVEN's mysterious eye is Error hid,
 While angel-voices—I can hear them—hymn
 A requiem:
 Error may be the sin and shame of Time,
 But not the crime;
 May cloud the soul with shadows, but may not
 Its glory blot;
 May bar external light, to earth akin,
 But never that within.

Hear and forgive,
 O LORD! the penitent whose time is near;
 The suppliant who soon shall cease to live,
 Forgive and hear.
 My heart recalls its visions from the past,
 The earliest, and the last;
 The brilliant hues that streaked the morning skies;
 The morning wings on which I sought to rise;
 The failing effort, and the soothing balm,
 The restoration to its early calm;
 The pause, the flight, the sudden ebb, the flow,
 The progress, and the end of all below;
 All seem restored, commingled into one,
 The transient rain-bow of my setting sun:
 And ah! how vividly in that recall
 I see, I feel the vanity of all!
 Rejoicing that whate'er of wrong there be
 Thou seest, and none else have need to see;
 Thou knowest, and none else can ever know
 The guilt, abasement, pain, repentance, woe!

O FATHER, spare
 The soul that passeth now all mortal care!
 Receive and bless
 The spirit here released from earth's caress!
 In mercy bend
 Thine eyes upon the voyager toward his end,
 And lift his heart
 From out the dust of which it bears no part!
 Forgive and hear,
 O LORD, the penitent whose time is near!
 The suppliant, who soon shall cease to live,
 Hear and forgive!

New-Orleans.

S P R I N G .

SHE comes at last, the soft, sweet Spring:
 Once more the birds begin to sing,
 Again the fragrant flowers fling
 Their sweetness on the air.
 The bright waves sparkle on the rills,
 And blossoms bloom upon the hills;
 The air with sweetest music fills,
 And flowering fields are fair.

All blessings on sweet Spring, which brings
 Such happiness to earthly things,
 Such joy upon her golden wings,
 Such blessings in her train.
 Her face with hope lights up our dreams,
 And o'er our souls her sweet smile gleams,
 And we grow glad in her bright beams,
 For Spring has come again!

Hartford, (Conn.,) May, 1852.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
 THE FUDGE FAMILY.

RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

A. Malum mihi videtur esse mors,
 M. Tisne qui mortui sunt, an iis quibus moriendum est?
 A. Utrisque.

TUNC QUÆST.

Mr. BODGERS being dead, was mourned over. Most dead men become great favorites in society. It is an old story, but worth telling again in this connection, that nothing so helps a man's reputation as — dying. I do not mean to commend it to my friends, lest I might be thought invidious and ungenerous. But yet I could lay my hands upon the shoulders of a great many capital fellows, whose hopes do certainly lie largest in that direction, and whose names will scarce be currently known, or on the lips of men for a week together, or, indeed, make any deep impression whatever, until they are cut in marble.

I do not mean, however, to say aught in crimination or to the discredit of TRUMAN BODGERS. There were those who spoke in praise of him before, and with much good reason. But now, all Newtown repeated his eulogy. The old house-keeper, who could hardly have survived a week without some bickering with TRUMAN, now put on as honest bombazine as ever grew tawny with wear, and said, with cambric to her eyes, 'N'erry a man can fill the Squire's place.'

And the wicked carpenter next door, who had often with his plane-iron whisked off a curling 'D—n the old Square!' was now grave and thoughtful, and said that 'few men, in the long run, were cleverer than Uncle TRUMAN.'

Squire BIVINS smoothed his wig very solemnly, and spoke in town-meeting, (called for the purpose of expressing the indignation of the inhabitants of Newtown at that culpable carelessness which on a recent occasion had desolated hearth-stones) — he spoke, I say, of 'that eminent towns-man who had been cut down in the flower of his days, and in the prime of his usefulness, leaving behind him hundreds of afflicted hearts, and — as he had himself reason to know — a large propitiy. Far be it from me,' continued Mr. BIVINS, shaking his wig more tightly to his head; 'far be it from me to enlarge upon the public spirit and enterprise of our distinguished and diseased towns-man. Prior to this melancholy disaster, I had occasion to draw up some important business-papers for Mr. BODGERS, (a manifest interest on the part of the towns-people,) and I think I may say, without breach of confidence, that it will be found on examination of the Squire's papers, that he has not forgotten the poor of his native town. (Sensation.) My friends, he has gone from us; hurried off by a sad and cruel catastrophe — a catastrophe, allow me to say, as execrable as it was ill-timed, and one which has hurried into eternity our most excellent towns-man, who was an honor to the place and an ornament to the county.'

It is well and natural that these honors should gather about the dead. For what we do that is wrong and envious springs, for the most part, from the temptations and bedevilments that belong to our weak, frail bodies; and when once these are shaken off, and we have given our low-lived mortality the go-by, why, pray, should we not be credited with the goodness which belongs to us, and which pertains, and will pertain ever more, to the ethereal part that is gone? The hand that smote us, and the tongue that belied us, and the eye that rebuked us, are dead: they cannot harm us any longer; nor any longer can they hurt him who held them, and who used them with earthy appetites. But the essence that shone in charity, and that kindled generous emotion, and that bowed the MAN in silent worship of DEITY and goodness, is living still, (who knows how near?) and claims, by all human sympathy and all spirit-bonds, that we recognize it kindly.

The country-clergyman improved the occasion in an elaborate sermon; commending the Christian worth and dignity of the old gentleman who had been nipped in the flower of his days; making Squire BODGERS, in short, only less eminent in the Christian graces and charity than the NAPOLEON of Mr. ABBOTT's history.

The newspapers, moreover — those hasty and impassioned eulogists of nearly all dead men — came boldly to the support of Mr. BODGERS's reputation. 'We have again to record,' said they, on the day succeeding the event, 'one of those terrible calamities which succeed each other with frightful rapidity, and which call for something far more effective than a mere out-burst of popular indignation. We trust that an example will at length be made of those who thus trifle wantonly with human life. There seem to us, in the present instance, no palliating circum-

stances. It is down-right murder! The country demands a thorough investigation; and woe be to the reckless men who have thus put all considerations of humanity at defiance! Among the unfortunate victims, we are pained to notice the name of that highly respectable citizen of Newtown, TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq., a most worthy and valuable member of society. His loss, to his family and the country, is irreparable. Again we say, shall the abettors of this infamous outrage be brought to justice? We pause for a reply.'

Two days thereafter, the newspaper qualifies its remarks thus: 'We understand, from a highly respectable gentleman who chanced to be on board at the time of the recent unfortunate casualty to the steamer Eclipse, (we speak of Mr. BLIMMER, of Blimmersville, whose advertisement may be found in another column,) that the boat was making only its usual speed, and that the fire was one of those untoward accidents which no human fore-sight could possibly have prevented.

'Mr. BLIMMER, having exerted himself in a noble manner on the occasion alluded to, is still suffering severely. We are informed through him, that Mr. BODGERS maintained his presence of mind to the last, and intrusted to him (Mr. BLIMMER) sundry commissions of *considerable importance*. All the efforts of Mr. BLIMMER to secure the safety of the old gentleman proved unavailing. We are happy to learn that Mr. BLIMMER is in a fair way of recovering from the effects of his efforts in behalf of the unfortunate deceased.

'The paragraph characterizing the accident as murder, we beg to state, was written in the absence of the senior editor of this journal.'

Mr. BLIMMER, I have already remarked, is a wide-awake man, and part-proprietor of the steamer Eclipse. Mr. BLIMMER was not familiar with the family of Mr. BODGERS. The paper in his hands might be of service — to himself. The hint thrown out in the '*Daily Beacon*' might induce some advances on the part of those interested. It seemed to him an ingenious way of conducting observations.

Mr. and Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE lamented the fate of Mr. BODGERS. And having recovered from their lamentation, discoursed in this way over the breakfast-table, (cousin WILHE being in bed:)

Aunt PHÆBE. 'Do you know, SOLY, if TRUMAN leaves a large estate?'

SOLOMON. 'Mrs. PHÆBE, I think it must be large — quite large. The tan-works were profitable, very. He has a house or two in town, and considerable stock in our bank.'

'And — SOLOMON — who — do you think, dear, are his heirs?'

'Nonsense! PHÆBE; as if you did n't know that you and your sister FLEMING were the nearest kin.'

'But if he made a Will, SOLY?'

'Why, then he did, my dear.'

'La, SOLOMON! do you think he did make a Will?'

'How should I know what to think?'

'There now! so short, and I suffering — (handkerchief to face forbids distinct utterance) — family friends — affliction,' etc.

'You can't alter the Will, if it's made, can you, PHÆBE?' says Uncle SOLOMON, relenting, and helping himself to a chicken-leg.

‘No, SOLOMON ; who said that I could ?’

‘No body.’

‘Well ?’

‘Well !’

‘I hope he did n’t, SOLOMON !’

‘So do I, PHÆBE, for your sake. You were never much a favorite with TRUMAN.’

‘But he was so vulgar, SOLOMON.’

‘Ah, yes : Newtown man, PHÆBE.’

‘There now, SOLOMON !’

The colloquy, however, finally ends in a promise on the part of SOLY to visit Newtown and investigate matters.

Poor KITTY, with her best friend (saving only her mother) gone, is quieter and sadder. To her comes up the thought that she will not see again the kind old face that smiled on her ; that she will not hear again the kind voice that called down blessings on her ; that she would never welcome him, nor thank him, nor watch for him, nor meet him, ever again. Not once, as yet, comes up to her the girlish thought, the reflection that both she and her mother had been almost dependent on his bounty ; nor once does the sense of any approaching want disturb her.

Is not the old home-stead there, with her hopeful and welcoming mother, and the trees and sunshine, and God’s providence over each and all ?

Our best mourners will prove, ten to one, the quietest ones ; and they whose tears will be better than masses performed for the gentle rest of our souls, will weep silently and out of sight.

But it did flash over KITTY, as she struggled with her grief, that she could stay no longer in the town, but must go back now to cheer the old homestead. And there were unpleasant thoughts joined to this leave-taking. The town grows strangely upon the affections of an impulsive, enthusiastic girl. Even its glitter and show flatter the eye, and woo the fancy strongly. The music and the French of town teachers attune a vagrant heart of seventeen to the gallant speeches and the gallant airs of the town.

The Mr. QUIDS are not wholly despicable characters ; far from it. They possess considerable tact and grace, and very great knowledge of dress. They are not unfrequently possessed of an easy and trifling amiability, such as finds an approach to the hearts of innocent girls.

It must be borne in mind, moreover, that the spinster cousins, the amiable Miss JEMIMA and Miss BRIDGET, were naturally enamored of young men in fashionable life, or who appeared to be in fashionable life ; and it is not hard to believe that they should have transferred a portion of this enamored feeling into the bosom of pretty KITTY FLEMING.

Nor, to tell truth, was KITTY very hard-hearted ; she had a great deal of kindness in her composition—kindness to Uncle SOLOMON, kindness to me, kindness to young men in general. It was not altogether strange that she should feel kindly, then, toward a genteel young fellow who left bouquets at her door, such as would have utterly astonished the whole village of Newtown, and who, on one or two occasions,

had been instrumental, as she learned, in a very pretty serenade, which quite startled the spinster-cousins, and which was the means of giving the grocer opposite an unusual view of Miss BRIDGET in her night-cap. I would not give a fig for a girl who has not her own share of pride; and KITTY had this; and she had felt it mortified sometimes by the bearing of Aunt PHOEBE and WILHELMINA; and it was a good offset to this hurt feeling to have stolen away the most stylish of cousin WILHE's admirers.

Not that she would really harm cousin WILHE: but then there was a little gratification, when walking with ADOLPHUS QUID, to meet with her showy cousin: and pray, what young girl of eighteen would not have felt the same?

ADOLPHUS, too, was rather a pretty name. Not so bluff-sounding as HARRY FLINT, for instance; nor so honest-sounding, perhaps: but, as BRIDGET said, a 'sweet name.' In French, too, which she was studying, it rendered up gracefully into ADOLPHE, which agreed with that of a good many lively heroes of novels, with which girls studying French are apt to become acquainted.

Now I do not positively affirm that all this train of thinking passed through the mind of little KITTY, as she mourned and speculated upon her uncle's death: but association is a strange thing, and sets our imagination gadding often in strange quarters, and often breeds fancies which sooner or later turn into feelings and resolves. I do not think any such matter of KITTY. I am sure that she was very discreet; and that she mourned heartily and bitterly; and paid very little heed to the next bouquet from ADOLPHUS; and did not triumph so much over WILHELMINA; and tried harder than ever to love her Aunt PHOEBE; and looked sweetly in her black bonnet; and cried like a child at the grave of poor TRUMAN BODGERS.

Mr. QUID, Senior, bore the family bereavement differently: I say family bereavement, meaning our FUDGE bereavement. Mr. QUID, Senior, appeared, however, much interested in the lamentable event.

'Gad!' said Mr. QUID, as he read the announcement of Mr. BODGERS's name in the list of the lost; 'the old fellow's gone at length. Good!'

'It's an ill wind,' says the proverb, 'that helps no man.' Mr. QUID appeared excited, and walked his little room, ruminating deeply. Not that the demise of Mr. BODGERS brought home to him any thought of his own possible death: he was not the man for such imaginative forays.

He did, however, set about a very earnest examination of certain packages of letters which lay in an odd corner of an old secretary that equipped his chamber. Some few of these he laid aside with much evident glee; now and then rubbing his hands, as he met, perhaps, with some special phrase of endearment; and throwing aside others which, if truth were known, showed even more tenderness of expression, with a shrug of indifference.

After spending a good half day in this sort of mourning over the luckless souls who had gone to the other world under command of Captain ———, Mr. QUID, Senior, dropped a little note to Mr. QUID, Junior, asking him, in an affectionate way, to come and see him quietly on very important affairs.

I shall not undertake to say here what was the result of this interview, save that Mr. ADOLPHUS left in very cheerful spirits, and taking a buggy next morning, drove out to the quiet country village of Newtown.

Nothing was more natural than that a young gentleman of Mr. QUID's brilliant exterior should make a stir in the little village of Newtown; and when it was understood that he was making inquiries in regard to the business and habits of the late Squire, curiosity and expectation were on tip-toe.

Good Mrs. FLEMING was not without her conjectures upon the subject: and they were such as might naturally have been expected from a very worthy old lady, who loved her daughter worthily, and was very ignorant of the world. Now Miss KITTY's letters to mamma had not been without their mention of Mr. ADOLPHUS QUID, 'an elegant young man, who was very kind, and who visited frequently the Miss FUDGES.' It is true there was no enumeration of the bouquets which he had sent, or, indeed, of those particular attentions which KITTY (natural-acting girl that she was) chose to keep the record of in her own bosom.

Nevertheless, good old Mrs. FLEMING, associating the name in KITTY's letters with the elegant young gentleman who, upon the report of Miss MEHITABLE BIVINS, had just come out to Newtown, had no manner of doubt that, being deeply interested in KITTY, and foreseeing that KITTY would be interested in the settlement of Mr. BODGERS's estate, he had come to Newtown to confer with herself, and to do whatever might be needful and gentlemanly and son-in-law-like under the circumstances.

Acting on this suggestion, Mrs. FLEMING arrayed herself in her best bombazine, new-dusted her little parlor, rearranged the books upon the tea-poy, and waited the arrival of Mr. QUID.

Mr. QUID, in utter innocence of these motherly arrangements, was meantime making inquiries after the legal adviser of the late Squire BODGERS, and presently after called a most extraordinary blush to the cheek of the somewhat lean MEHITABLE BIVINS, by appearing, with his short, ivory-headed cane, at the gate of her father's yard. MEHITABLE accomplished her Sunday-school toilet in an incredibly short time, but to very little purpose. Mr. QUID desired only to see the Squire on business, and was directed to the office previously described.

The Squire received his city-visitor after his usual manner, and relieving himself of a considerable excess of tobacco-juice, he beckoned to a chair opposite.

MR. QUID, (with the ivory head of his stick at his lips :) 'Mr. BIVINS, I believe, Sir.'

SQUIRE. 'That's my name, Sir; yes, Sir:.' (raises his spectacles to the top of his head and plats his wig behind.)

QUID. 'I believe, Sir, you were legal adviser of Mr. BODGERS?'

'Did some bizness for the Square; yes, Sir:.' (looking now very narrowly and curiously at the stranger.)

'He leaves, I understand, a large property?'

'Well, yes; the Square was a fore-handed man — what I call a fore-handed man.' (Tobacco-juice among the ashes.)

'He left no direct heirs, I believe?,' says Mr. QUID, interrogatively.

BIVINS stirs himself slightly in his chair, plats his wig, seems to possess himself of a new idea, and resumes the colloquy, thus:

‘Well, no, I guess not; not, as you might say, in a direct line!’ And Mr. BIVINS, perhaps at thought of the stately MERITABLE, winces at his own joke.

‘Ha! ha!’ says Mr. QUID; ‘very good, Mr. BIVINS, very good.’ Upon the strength of that complimentary sally, and the encouraging twinkle in Mr. BIVINS’s eye, he goes on to say to Mr. BIVINS that he is interested to some extent in the estate, and as he shall have occasion for the professional services of Mr. BIVINS, he begs to hand him now a small retaining-fee.

Mr. BIVINS, in a little wonderment, removes his spectacles from his head and lays them in a careless way upon the top of the bill which Mr. QUID has laid upon the table, as a sort of conditional retainer on his part — of the money.

‘And now, Mr. BIVINS,’ says QUID, ‘will you be kind enough to tell me if Mr. BODGERS made any Will, to your knowledge?’

Mr. BIVINS looks carefully at QUID, at his cane, his moustache, plats his wig, considers for a moment, relieves himself of a new excess of tobacco-juice, and — is interrupted by a smart but formal rap at his office-door.

The new-comer was no less a personage than Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE. Mr. BIVINS knew him at a glance: he dusted his arm-chair with his pocket-handkerchief, and begged the Squire would be seated.

‘Perhaps you are engaged, Mr. BIVINS?’ said Uncle SOLOMON, in his stately way, at the same time giving a formal nod of recognition to young QUID.

‘Oh dear me, not at all, Squire; glad to see you. Sad thing this, about Uncle TRUMAN.’ And he removes his spectacles from the bill of Mr. QUID, as a kind of tacit relinquishment of claim until he shall have understood the business of the rich Mr. FUDGE.

Now Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE has occasionally caught sight of Mr. QUID within his own door, and has heard, moreover, somewhat of his wife’s gossip about his attentions to their country-cousin, KITTY. Hence, it occurs to him that he must be making private inquiries about KITTY’s chances in the old gentleman’s estate; and acting upon this thought, he enters formally upon his business with Mr. BIVINS — ‘presuming that Mr. QUID, from some reports that he has heard in connection with Miss FLEMING, is kindly looking after her interest in the estate of his kinsman, Mr. BODGERS.’

A new light suddenly illumines the countenance of the cautious Mr. BIVINS, and, replacing his spectacles upon the bill, he prepares to give the gentlemen just so much of intelligence in respect to Mr. BODGERS and his property as will pique their curiosity and make his exertions desirable and necessary throughout.

‘A large estate, gentlemen, very large; and the Square consulted me freely; indeed, I may say that I drew up some papers of importance, with reference to his estate, which I guess we shall find at the home-stead. What do you say, gentlemen, to calling down at the old place?’

And Mr. BIVINS, throwing the bill adroitly into the table-drawer, and turning his key, accompanies Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE and ADOLPHUS QUID to the late home of TRUMAN BODGERS.

The two last men in the world that the old gentleman would have chosen for such a visit of inquiry. But in dying we have to give up not only our characters but our papers to the prying eyes and the careless hands of the world : it is well to keep both in order. Death, as Cicero says, is often a very bad matter : both for those who have gone through it, and for those who have got it to go through.

D E S P A I R .

BY L. J. BATES.

Once — distinctly I remember
Still, with shuddering sense of fear ;
It was in the chill November
Twilight of the waning year —
In the forest, prone reclining
On the damp earth, cold and lonely ;
Through the boughs the stars were shining,
And the stars were shining only.
And the sobbing and the sighing
Of the wind amid the trees —
Ever mournfully replying
To the murmur of the seas —
Stirred my soul with bitter feeling ;
Memories of the buried past
Thronged around, young hopes revealing,
Hopes, alas ! too pure to last :
Life is so like stream divine,
Whose sweet fount is nearest heaven,
Flowing down the slopes of time
To a dim and desert even ;
And the purest joys we know
Spring beside the limpid rill,
Which, a river grown, will flow
Foul and dark with garnered ill.

Long I pondered, sad and dreary,
O'er the buried hopes of yore,
Asking, till my soul grew weary,
' Shall the parted meet once more ?
Tell me, O thou moonless even !
Fairest at the altar-shrine,
In yon dim and distant heaven
Dwells this angel-love of mine,
Lost and lovely CAROLINE ?
By the blessed seals that keep her,
Answer — may I meet her there ?
Deep the shadows grew, and deeper :
Silence answered to Despair.

In an endless, long succession,
Motionless the tall pines stood ;
In an endless, still procession,
Through the shadows of the wood
Move the solemn midnight-hours,
Leaving, each, as they depart,
Frost upon the drooping flowers,
Frost upon my drooping heart.
Wake the evening breezes, swinging
Through the darkness, to and fro,
All the mossy branches, singing
Solemn dirges, sad and low.
' Tell me, voices of the even,
Do I vainly hope to borrow
In yon pure and holy heaven
Respite from this weight of sorrow ?
New-York, Feb. 7, 1853.

In the dim and dark hereafter
May not hope be wrung from prayer —
Hope be wrung from earnest prayer ?
Answered they, with mocking laughter,
Only answered they, ' Despair !'

Fell the frost more white and hoary
On the flowers and on my heart ;
Seemed the stars to pale their glory,
As the dreary hours depart :
' If not here to me is given
Respite from the demon Care,
Shall I not in death be shriven ?
Is there no deliverance there ?
Humbly, as the old evangel,
Longing for yon holy Aiden,
Is it sin to love an angel —
Sin to love a sainted maiden,
Rescued from this world of sorrow,
With her soul all pure and fair ?
May I hope for such to-morrow ?
Only answered they, ' Despair !'

Then, methought the weary hours
Never, never would depart,
Bringing sunshine to the flowers,
Leaving frost upon my heart
Bowed I low, in weak submission
To a higher will than mine ;
Not in meekness and contrition
Kneeling at the altar-shrine,
But, as crushed to earth and weary,
Humbled 'neath this weight of care,
Feeling all the utter, dreary,
Full fruition of despair :
Not a joy life ever cherished
Left to cheer my lonely way ;
Asking still, though hope had perished,
Asking for the better day.
' All the blessed dreams of youth,
Censeless longings after glory,
Dim foreshadowings of truth
Are they — or a fleeting story ?
Honor that shall baffle death,
Faith as pure as mother's prayer —
Part they with the parting breath ?
Still the branches wailed, ' Despair !'

Therefore do I now remember
With a shuddering sense of fear,
Still the cheerless, cold November
Twilight of the waning year.

S U M M E R L O N G I N G S .

BY D. FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

'I SEND you a poem which you will, I think, admire. It is named 'Summer Longings,' and was written, I believe, by MCCARTHY, after whom you inquire in your 'Table' for this month. MCCARTHY is an Irishman, and, if I am not mistaken, he has injured himself, with English critics, by sympathizing too strongly with those who desire for Ireland a separate nationality. He is, without doubt, a man of genius. He published, some time ago, a volume of poems, which I have never read; and he contributes occasionally to the *'Dublin University Magazine.'*

NOTE TO THE EDITOR.

Ah! my heart is ever waiting,
 Waiting for the May;
 Waiting for the pleasant rambles
 Where the blooming hawthorn brambles,
 With the woodbine alternating,
 Scent the dewy way.
 Ah! my heart is weary waiting,
 Waiting for the May.

Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May;
 Longing to escape from study
 To the young face fair and ruddy,
 And the thousand charms belonging
 To the summer-day.
 Ah! my heart is sick with longing,
 Longing for the May.

Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May;
 Sighing for the sure returning,
 When the summer beams are burning,
 Of sweet flowers that dead or dying
 All the winter lay.
 Ah! my heart is sore with sighing,
 Sighing for the May.

Ah! my heart is pained with throbbing
 Throbbing for the May;
 Throbbing for the sea-side billows,
 Or the water-wooing willows,
 Where, in laughing and in sobbing,
 Glide the streams away.
 Ah! my heart, my heart is throbbing,
 Throbbing for the May:

Waiting, sad, dejected, weary,
 Waiting for the May.
 Spring goes by with wasted warnings,
 Moon lit evenings, sun-bright mornings:
 Summer comes, yet dark and dreary
 Life still ebbs away.
 MAN IS EVER WEARY, WEARY,
 WAITING FOR THE MAY.

Contes des Comtesses;

O R . T A L E S O F C O U N T E S S E S

BY CHARLES G. IRELAND.

NUMBER TWO.

THE COUNTESS AND HER POET.

'PFAFFENTRUG und weiberlist
Geht über alles, wie Ihr wisst.'

Priestly cheat and woman's wit,
Naught on earth may equal it.

GERMAN PROVERB.

Who serves his ladye faithfullie
Ne loueth two, ne loueth three;
Ne leman coueteth ywis,
Save she who's troth's uplyghted hys.

JEHAN MONIOT, FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

'BETTER,' said the Poet to himself, '*better a donkey which will carry me, than an Arabian which throws me!*' Now this was a proverb which he had learned in Spain. Saying this, he left the boudoir of the Countess Clementine, and went to take supper with a black-eyed maiden who was *not* of noble birth.

For the Countess was that evening in her '*tantrums*.' Every pretty woman has a right to be in them *occasionally*.

She has the right by usage and custom, by will and way, *de jure divino et jure gentium*, by authority, prescription, and precedential confirmativeness. And the Countess was pretty, *very* pretty.

But alas, my ducks! of what use is loveliness when it ceases to excite love? or of comeliness when a lover is determined to *go*? *None, none, none.* Fair maiden, hie thee hence; the bells are ringing—*Nun!*

'THE green-wood echo, the rain-bow gay,
And woman's beauty, soon pass away.'

Perhaps, after all, — who knows? — feminine beauty is only a flickering deception — a gilded, gleaming zero — the aureole of Folly!

WHEN maidens stand in dancing row,
The fairest leads the floor;
When goslings to the mill-pond go,
The first one walks before.

And perhaps

— Now may I become the prey (gloves and all) of the biggest bug-a-boo that ever prowled in Moloch's nursery, if I work any longer on this infamous sentence — this cursed train of nonsense!

AND the author was as good as his word. Or some body else was as good for him. For every other leaf of the manuscript has been *torn out*, for the purpose of forming, from the delicately and daintily-bound

volume, an album or scrap-book, on whose alternate pages have been pasted scraps of poetry, with other fragments, fractionments and figments of light literature. And the next page reads as follows — albeit, somewhat carelessly written :

O V E R T U R E - R E V E R I E .

(Sounds from Home.)

Music sweet,
 Passing fleet —
 Bid Memory waken
 Her loveliest dream,
 Brave shouts on the mountain
 Sweet songs by the stream
 Yet no vision of beauty
 In memory can live,
 Unless woman in spirit
 The impress doth give.

(Swiss Air. Jodeln.)

My love is young, my love is fair,
 Her foot-step light as summer air ;
 Such beauty well my soul might move,
 And yet 'tis not for this I love.

La, la, la, li u va !

My love is young, but passing wise ;
 She reads my first thoughts in mine eyes :
 When I in hers will reader be,
 Oh, naught but love I there can see.

La, la, la — li o la !

And this I mark and this I know,
 She learns my deeds where'er I go,
 And this I too can well descry,
That she is sharper far than I !

Oh, happy should the lover be
 Whose sweet-heart has more sense than he ;
 The soul of love he ne'er has known
 Who loves for beauty's sake alone.

La, la, la — la li u va !

And on the next page the original narrative again appears. What part or portion thereof is covered up by the preceding poetry, I know not. Paste, like Brummel's starch, plays the Devil — occasionally. And thus the tale runs on :

'JEANNE !' said the Countess to her maid, after she had fretted, hummed, laughed, cried, and admired her ring, with the remarkably small white fingers which adorned it — 'Jeanne, in which direction did the gentleman depart ?'

'Up the street, Madame ; up — for I saw him !'

'And he saw thee, too, I dare say ?' To this question Jeanne replied with the French expression of '*Parbleu !*' Correctly speaking, she should have said, '*Edepol !*' or, 'By Apollo !' or, perhaps, '*By Pollux !*' since that is the classic origin of the gentle oath. But Jeanne was not invariably correct in all her words or actions. She had run or been sent on too many of her mistress's love-errands to be over-particular — (*Raro vaga virgo pudica est*) — and had unfortunately never paid very marked attention to that passage of the holy father and saint, Ambrose, addressed to virgins, in which he assures them that silence is a synonym

for modesty and decency: '*Claude vas tuum ne unguentum effluat, claude virginitatem verecundiâ loquendi et abstinentia.*'

'He saw her,' reflected the Countess, 'and as soon as she was kissed and out of sight, he of course turned and went down in the other direction. For such is human nature, and thus do men deceive!'

These were her thoughts, and she really believed that they formed a whole, entire, deliberate conclusion. But from the deep, mysterious, wonderful abyss of her woman-soul rose, well-nigh inaudibly, the faint, feathery ghost of a conscience-whisper:

'For I should have done so myself.'

'And it was for *this*,' said the Countess Clementine, glancing around at the room, and catching a glimpse of her own beauty in the mirror; 'it was for *this* that I had this small apartment of mine so daintily scrubbed and comfortably warmed. It was for *this*,' continued she, seating herself at the supper-table, while she inclined her beautiful head and swan-like neck, sipping, meanwhile, like a bird, a few drops of red wine from a silver goblet, 'that I ordered my best Burgundy. For *this*'——

And lolling back luxuriously, she turned to her maid and said:

'Jeanne! *put a stick on the fire!*'

On the next page sequentially I find:

LOVE FOR EVER!

Pra Deos, valde incundum est amare mulieres, secundum illud carmen SAMUELIS poetæ:

*'Disce, bone clerice, virgines amare
Quare sciunt dulcia oscula præstare
Juventutem floridam tuum conservare.'*

'Quia amor est charitas, et Deus est charitas: ergo, amor non malares. Soluatis mihi illud argumentum.'

ERISTOL, OSSEKORUM VIRORUM.*

SING, if ye will, of the banquet-hall,
Troll the praises of card and wine;
I have measured the depths of such pleasures all,
And still found them wearisome, silly, and small,
Unless some young beauty touched glass with mine.

Drink, drink, drink, till ye roll on the floor!
Play, play, play, till ye've swept the field!
But five minutes' love, though quickly o'er,
Is worth, ye will grant, five thousand times more
Then all that BACCHUS or chance can yield.

Long live the glass, with its morning-beam!
Long live good fellows, wherever they're found!
But what were the sea, if no sun-light gleam
E'er flashed on its darkness, e'er wakened its dream,
Or guided the gay barks which circle it round?

But here and there doth the wine-berry grow;
Beauty all over the earth I find;
Languishing eyes, 'mong the high and low —
More of them, too, as older I grow;
For love never leaves a good fellow behind.

* 'By the gods! but it is a pleasant thing to love woman, according to that song of the poet Samuel:

*'LEARN, O jolly student friend, to love the ladies dearly!
For then the darling little souls will kiss you so sincerely,
And Youth will ever glide along right merrily and cheerily.'*

'For love is charity, and God is charity: therefore is love no evil thing. Settle me that argument!'

ULRICH VON HÜRZEN.

The best of hearts and the best of lives
 The best of songs were all born of love;
 And the best of good fellows are maids and wives;
 And the merriest laugh is where CUPID thrives,
 In the kitchen below or the hall above.

— AND found that he had indeed gained a loss by jumping from the patrician frying-pan into a plebeian fire; or from aristocratic fume into a vulgar *flame*, as the Romans termed it. For actresses are but ashes, danseuses but dust, grisettes but gimcracks, all maidens but mortals; and a love of low degree can demi-devil it like a duchess — particularly with a gentleman to whom the dew-impearled eye of beauty is ever-moving, be it in May, Marian, or an empress.

Upon which point of the womanly-weakness of these poor girls, a reflection strikes me. It hath been usual to compare all such and similar to butter-flies, which flutter with wings of crimson-golden sheen through the sun-shine and over the flowers of life. But if so, they are *inverted* butter-flies. For that beautiful bird, from a worm or *bug*, (as American children term all creeping insects,) becomes the tenant of a cocoon, and eventually a fluttering beauty. But the ornamental pets of whom I have spoken generally retrograde degradingly from a state of quivering loveliness and youthful winginess to the condition of the cocoon, and eventually that of the bug — I mean, of course, to a dull, unprofitable middle-age, and a weary, thoughtless decrepitude.

— He received but a dull greeting, found that a string of the love-lute was broken, a seal of the soul-flask opened, and drank a draught of wine which made him recall, with bitter regret, the Burgundy and bright eyes of the Countess.

THE next page being pasted over and adorned with the ballad of

THE COUNT AND THE GRISETTE.

It may not be — it may not be;
 Life is too short to waste with thee;
 I claim no hand which wears no glove —
 So fare thee well, thou vulgar love.

I own that thou art very fair,
 But bad thy taste and worse thy air;
 While every varied glance and smile
 Hints at an education vile.

In vain I seek, from day to day,
 A trace of something *distinguée*:
 Such trace in thee no soul could find,
 In form or feature, style or mind.

Why wilt thou e'er my soul distress
 By thy con-found-ed taste in dress?
 A garnet robe — an orange shoe,
 And facing *green* — good heavens! — with *blue*!

Thy lips are like an opening rose,
 But, *Dieu*! when once the floweret blows,
 Oh, then thy voice, in dreadful shout,
 Flies like some vulgar insect out.

I deemed that love had power to change,
 And lift above her low-born range
 One who no taste in perfumes had,
 Save for patchouli strong and bad!

And now, thou lost one, fare thee well !
 At nobler shrines my love I'll tell;
 Lost, lost for ever — must it be !
 Lost to good-style, good-taste, and — me !

— THEREFORE, Jeanne, let one of our servants run to the apartments of the Sieur d'Adelstein, and tell his valet that his master's patron, the Bishop, is dangerously ill, and desires to see him immediately. If he be in the town, that valet will find him ; if he find him, he will first return to his own house ; if he return to his own house, he must needs pass our door ; and if he pass our door, do thou tell him — any fib thou pleasest which will make him mount the stairs !'

And the Countess, having given out her orders with the precision of a General, fell back, lounging voluptuously on her throne-like sofa, drawing up the ermine around her splendid snow-white shoulders, and wondering (as did Jeanne for three seconds ere she left the room) where on earth he could find a more magnificent bust whereon to pillow his good-for-nothing head. Yet I never regarded her as a vain woman, nor was she practically half as vain as her lover.

NATURE had gifted her with great amiability, wonderful beauty, ready wit, and a certain modicum of *energy*. THE WORLD had increased these gifts, and to the increase thereof had added experience. THE FLESH had granted her charity, and THE DEVIL a spice of coquetry, rather too much philosophy, and a penchant for *light literature* — Adelstein, the poet, being her last essay in the latter article.

'For there is many a good thing in the literary way,' said she, 'which never went to press. Great are the sins of omission : Let us patronize Genius !'

AFTER which expression comes a poem, entitled

W O M A N S W I L L

'Cosa la mujer y el dinero
 Note burles, companero !'

*Companion mine, ridicule not money or woman !'

SPANISH PROVERB.

'MANY a charm is round thee,
 Many a spell hath bound thee !
 Though awhile I give thee leave to range,
 Soon, thy wild flight o'er,
 Soon, no more a rover,
 Back thou 'lt fly, and never dare to change.
 If thou wilt go flutter
 Here and there, to utter
 Burning vows to all with wanton will —
 But thou canst not leave me ;
 No — nor once deceive me ;
 And in chains I hold thee captive still !

To some love enchanting
 Every favor granting,
 Go and sigh — I bid thee — 'tis in vain !
 For no woman clever
 Lost a lover ever,
 When she *willed* to hold him in her chain.
 She who's sure of winning
 When the game's beginning,
 Throws away, of course, a stake or two ;
 But when higher aiming,
 Bent on bolder gaming,
 Back they come, and then she holds them true

The which verses may be either said or sung; but if the latter, it is respectfully suggested by Meister Karl that it be done to the air of *La dernière Pensée de Von Weber*, vulgarly known as Von Weber's Last Waltz.

PANTING, penitent, puzzled, and appearing somewhat pygmean, (or looking 'small,') the poet Franciscus de Adelstein stood in the presence of her whom he had so weakly endeavored to cruelly deceive. He had been summoned most opportunely from the dwelling of his black-eyed pet — just at the instant when he was thoroughly *ennuyée*, and weary of her airs — and, consequently, when he had relapsed into a heart-felt fit of penitent devotion to the splendid Countess.

This she knew, as any woman would have known it, from his air. And certainly, since the Countess had been a woman, (it happened on her eighteenth birth-day, as she said,) she had never appeared so meltingly beautiful as at this moment; and this she knew also, though I cannot tell you myself how she learned it, for I do not know. But it is well for me that such was indeed the case, since it enables me to put my poet before you in the most penitent, beggarly, love-struck attitude possible. It was not even necessary to comment upon his reappearance. The lady felt this, and fixing upon him a long, deep, mysterious glance, exclaimed:

'Jeanne, you may leave the room!'

To do this, it was, however, requisite to look from Adelstein to the pretty soubrette. She found it hardest to glance gravely at the latter.

'Sit down,' she exclaimed — 'here, by me! Naughty boy, where has he been? Out in all the rain, too!'

[It is with a feeling of peculiar pleasure that I announce to the reader that the poem which was pasted on *this* page came off, leaving the prose in a tolerably legible condition.]

'Adelstein,' said his lady, 'in one word, where have you been?'

'I have been,' replied he, looking up at the ceiling, into the fire, at the Countess's feet, and all around the room, in search of a lie: 'I have been — at — the café.'

'If you have,' she replied, 'you did not remain there long. Adelstein!' she repeated, placing her hand as it were inadvertently among some articles of the toilette which lay near on a table, and then affectionately putting it on his bosom — 'Adelstein, you have been making love — a great deal of love — to some body else.'

And waxing confident in her assertions, she added:

'To some woman!'

Horror-struck at the accusation, he started back with an air of holy innocence.

'To a woman,' she continued, 'with black hair. See there!'

Saying this, she pointed to a black hair-pin which stuck in the lappel of his coat, and had evidently been transferred accidentally, in a warm embrace, from some feminine head.

'That!' he exclaimed, 'oh! that must have come from your own tresses, of course!'

'My hair,' she answered, 'is *light* — and my hair-pins are all composed of silver, gold, or similar costly ingredients.'

Adelstein here began to feel as if the last plank were giving way beneath him, and already experienced in imagination a rush as of many cool spiritual waters over his devoted head. Almost dead with disappointment and shame, he cast himself back on a sofa, exclaiming:

'All is lost — lost!'

'Oh, not all,' exclaimed Clementine; 'you *must* call once in a while on me — say, once a month. You poets are such *distinguée* visitors that it would never do to lose you entirely.'

'Had she been angry,' thought he, 'I would have trusted to regain her love. But this *badinage* is death.'

And turning somewhat pale and heart-sick, he exclaimed:

'Farewell, Clementine. God knows that I have deserved all this and more. But oh! I have ever loved you — *indeed* I have!'

And he turned to depart. But at the door he heard the rustle of a silken skirt behind him — saw a small white hand steal over his shoulder — felt the brush of perfumed curls against his cheek —

Adelstein was a gentleman, and consequently did not at this instant affect, as most gentlemen would have done, an anger or indifference he did not feel. He knew that he was horribly guilty, and had been nobly forgiven. In consequence of which, he fell on his knees and kissed her hand as she exclaimed:

'Will he be good, and not go any more to visit naughty little girls with black hair?'

On the next (and last) page, reader, I find this ballad:

AFAR, afar
Shine moon and star:
How dim they are!
Rise, love, and leave me — the dear night is o'er:
Haste through the garden — remember the door!
Cool blows the morning-wind, flower-life to me:
Adieu to the star-light, to love-light, and thee!

Away, away,
Ere break of day —
Thou canst not stay!
In velvet-black darkness, in silence and night,
I still saw thee gleaming, my snow-love — my white.
If in mid-night, deep mid-night, I still saw thee near,
Oh, how couldst thou hide if the day-light were here?

Far gleams the dawn,
Its first robe drawn —
Thou must be gone!
For 'neath yon pale star a rose-beam I see;
Light should ne'er shine upon kisses from thee.
Cold is the moon, but a moon-love is warm;
Weaker a sun-love, and broken its charm.

And now — thou art flown!
I count alone
The joys we've known.
Love is our true life, and life cannot die;
Love gives a new life, ere life passes by:
Ere thou didst love me, but one life was mine;
Now I have two lives, for that life is thine.

The Bunkum Flag-Staff: Entry.

DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF '08: THE CONSTITUTION OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK: THE FOURTH OF JULY: LIFE, LIBERTY, LITERATURE, ADVERTISEMENTS, AND A STANDARD CURRENCY.

VOL. I.

MAY 1, 1853.

No. 1

WAGSTAFF, EDITOR.

CIRKELATE!

HAVE WE A BAREBONE AMONG US?

A TRULY astounding toptic to be onto any tappis; and the question has now been discussed by public curiosity to such a surfeiting acmy that we no longer forbear it from our columes out of personal discretionary motives to LEWY NAPOLEON, who has got a hard enough row to hoe without our stirring up his people by inflammation appeals. Our readers will bear us witness that 'THE STAFF' is not afeerd to speak out when the time comes, *pro con*, or *nem con*, or *crim con*, as the case may be. We have been accused of timidity, which is without the shadow of a foundation, except our nose was once pinched, if we remember right, wholly, however, ~~on~~ *on political grounds*; an offence which we regret that we did not more summerly resent it; but we let it slip by until it was too late. A man who will pull the nose of a gentleman is scarcely worthy of notice, and only competent to be treated with silent contempt. If you kick him, it will only raise his inflated opinion of himself, puff out his cheeks like a sweltering frog, to an almost exorbitant pitch of vanity. Let him alone; but if he repeats

the office — mark what we say, if he *repeats* the office — then come down upon him in a tremendous article, and there will not be the smallest iota of a grease-spot left. He will come to you, and apologize gentlemanly for what he done, subscribe for your paper, and go away well satisfy, while you sit in the sanctum laughing at him. This is better than going to Law. Wherever you go, do n't go to Law. It's a long road, and a tremenjus quantity of toll-gates by the way. We would rather be kicked, by a long shot, so far as any actooal suffering is concerned. Thank fortune, we were whipped sound enough at school to make us tolerably tough on that score.

But we must come back to what we was saying, and that is, that we do not think that we shall be perorable to give offence to those interested by saying what we *doo* think about this BAREBONE controversy; a toptic which appears to be gradooally swallowing up, if we might so express it, into a universal vorax, every other prominant toptic of the day; the appointments of General PIERCE, President of the Uniteden

Statesen; the collectorship of this town; Hard-shell, Soft-shell, and AUGUSTUS SCHELL; JOHN VAN BEUREN, what he said on the steamboat; Barn-burners, Hunkers, Silver-grays, Renters and Aunty-renters; Aldermen's troubles about the tea-room, and as to what they done as to a rail-road through our principal thoroughfare—we got them there!—as well as about all the news from Australia, California, and Chrystal Palace, which, by the way, we cheerfully recommend to all our fellow-citizen and to all strangers from adjunct towns, as probable to be a most interesten exhibition, which even church-members may most properly visit without offence to the DEITY, and let them not have any scruple. It won't do them no harm, although it is a sort of amusement, and may be objected to by some on that ground.

Moreover, this BAREBONE question, within the last three or four weeks from which we have entirely from motives of Pollycy abstained from it, is swallowing up other important toptics engrossed by the press, such as GARDINER'S Trial; [this individual got a half-a-million of Dollars out of our Government, in lieu of a Silver-Mind in Mexico, which could not be tracked out to his appropriate spot after a careful Sirvey, he being originally a Dentist, and this the richest plug of leaf which was ever put into Uncle SAMUEL'S tooth: it will be very hard to prove any thing agin the Doctor, and he will pocket the money, and establish his Reputation as a first-rate Dentist, and Mr. PEABODY will employ him.] And this controversy also swallow up Mr. HUNTER, what kind of language he made ust of; arrest of RUSSEL SMITH, Member of Assembly, for contemp of that Body; what Mr.

SMITH said by way of rejoinder; the destroy of the dry-goods in our streets by clouds of dust; what is the ust, say we, of a Croton, if it cannot play at the very time when it is wanted to play? HORACE GREELY, what he keeps continuoaly saying in the '*Tribune*' newspaper about the Main Law, (and if HORACE has his own way he will entirely put a stop to the sale of supposititious liquor in this kedntry, which has reached a most disgusting extent: success to him, say we, although that occasionally tipping at a little good liquor, by way of a change, might possibly do some good to those who are befitted to benefit thereby, but even this we somewhat doubt it; and then the HIPPODROME, of which we should like to see a man onto the backt of an ostrish, or running a Roman Chariot Race driven by women presumptible of a fair character. All this, we say, swallow up entirely by the all-engrossing domain of the controversy,

HAVE WE A BAREBONE AMONG US?

Have we? We should think we have, or oughter, because we produce every thing among us, no matter what commodity it may happen to be; and why not a BAREBONE among the Rest? We wish to present very clearly the facts of the case. Perobably it may not be unbeknown to many of our reading community, that many years ago, in the last century, there lived in a town of France a leading individual entitled the Sixteen LEWY, *arias* BAREBONE, quite rich, in fack the king of that territory, which is about as Big as our State of Arkansas in the Far West, more or less, (although there was more people in the former, by half,) who was lynched by his executors, the same as we do now for horse-

stealing by the mob in our California. A most unrighteous proceeding! contrary to all order; but sometimes mistakes will happen in the best-regoolated families, both of the Old World and the New. They did the same thing with CHARLES in England, at a time, too, when they had oughter known better; cut his head off; treated him according to lynch-law; and we wish that our Bunkum Press had been in action at that time, that we might have gin them a rub. Such a thing would not have been done in our Arkansaw Legislature even to this day, where they have never gone further than murdering a House-Speaker with a Bowie-knife, and that not without great provocation, always honestly in the open day. But mind you, the Insurgent was expelled by us from all the privileges of the House for the offence, and that instantimo. He had to walk; but in France and Englan the insurgen manage to hold for a time the reins.

Well, they done as well as they could for the time being, we suppose, according to the emergency, the same as our Arkansaw or California people have done, and that is the only excuse that we can forge for them. Let us all judge one another, as *we* judge, and not look through a differen pair of spectacles, or mediums! That's the point. When the LEWY BAREBONE died, he left a little boy arter him named DORFIN, a sweet little fellow, who had the scrofula, as most all the King's of Europ's children have, which eat up his knees, and kept him confined to the house. He boarded at a Cobler boarding-house, kept by a man named SIMON, who treated poor little DORFIN like a brute, although he oughter been rocked in a gold cradle. Such is

the mutation of human affairs; but the fack is the French folks at that time were on a bloody spree, and they meant to have it out.

Arter a while they got up a story that little DORFIN could not stand the scrofula no longer, and he gin out, as it was a wonder that the child had not done before. However, here's where the wonder begins; for some say that DORFIN did n't die, but got over it, and is alive when our sheet goes to press; and if so, there is some money comin' to him; and what is more, he is now living in this very place, named Mr. WILLIAMS, to whom all letters respectfully requested to be address to Mr. HANSON, and if he ever gets his money, it will be owing to what Mr. HANSON done for him. Mr. HANSON think that he has proved conclusive in PUTNAM Magazine that Mr. WILLIAMS is the very *identidem* DORFIN, and Doctor HAWKES, of our place, who is quite a good speaker, when he chooses to exert himself, having a voice of more than ordinary pitch—those who have not heard the Doctor had better embrace an early opportunity of so doing, as we think they would be gratified—Doctor HAWKES, who knows history, because he has wrote it to a high pitch of perfection, he thinks that Mr. HANSON is not fur out of the way. Mr. HANSON usually assists the Doctor on ordinary occasions, but in this case the Doctor, who is a clever soul, and always willin to do what he can for a fellow-mortal, comes in to assist Mr. HANSON, because he think he needs assistance, which we are perfectly willing to admit that he does so; and one good turn deserve another. Betwixt the Doctor and Mr. HANSON, which is like bein between two genial fires, of which the Doctor makes the most blaze, on or-

dinary occasions, but if he don't look out for his laurels we are afeerd that HANSON will outshine him — (they say that PUTNAM has most kindly volunteered to pay HANSON two hundred pound for that article, in consequens of which report his people will not raise his celery) — we say, in consequens, we do hope that the DORFIN will come out square in this matter, and force the Assiknees to foot-up the bill, which has been running on at compound-interest and advertised in the French 'Flag-Staffs' ever since. This would have the effect to send LEWY NAPOLEON back to the fortress of Ham, which is a much stronger fortress than his present strong-hold in the affections of the French populace, who won't stand him long without he will gin 'em a few pic-nics onto the Alps, or a few toastings in the Desert, or in the Kremlin, like his uncle done; and so bring the DORFIN into possession of his property.

But to come back to the toptic, HAVE WE A DOLPHIN AMONG US? which we will consider briefly, as the other press have had their say. It would n't at all surprise us if we actooally had. It looks very much like it, and this DOLPHIN, or BAREBONE, we do n't care which, is Mr. WILLIAMS, who was raised by a squaw after SIMON gin him up, till he was ready for preaching, which he did among the Ingens. We have n't seen yet any good reply to Mr. HANSON. The distinguish Western Lawyer do n't amount to any thing. He merely says, 'Pooh! pooh!' to every thing, and that through three long columes of 'poohs.' We guess he's a skeptical turn of mind. If there's any think in his letter, it is, that he knows Mr. WILLIAMS and that he *doos* look like an Ingen. We think that we could settle that

pint in the twinklin of an eye. Will Mr. WILLIAMS do us the favor to step round to our offis, and if there's any Ingen blood in his face we will tell him so. Ingen liniments is as strong as BAREBONE; we don't care how many generations. Then, agin, the DUKE DE JOINVIL do n't say any thing, as we heerd tell that Mr. PUTNAM had a letter from the Duke contradicting, but if so the letter must be marked 'private,' and so that long talk on the steam-boat with the PRINCE, where the DORFIN was sitting onto a barrel, hold good.

But what does HANSON say, and what says DOLPHIN? What DOLPHIN says is nothing to nobody, but he feels thoroughly persuaded in his own mind that he is every inch a King, and if he had his doos he would be preaching at Notre-Dam, and hanging out his sign at the Two Illeries. He is at present unpleasantly sitooated as to the WILLIAMS family. For the WILLIAMSES say if he wants to condescend to the strappings of loyalty then they're done with him; and it must be WILLIAMS or DORFIN, one or tother. What says Brother DORFIN? Will he gin up all prerogative of royalhood, and be a plain, unmitigated WILLIAMS? Will he carry a pear-shaped BAREBONE head upon a ordinary pair of WILLIAMSES shoulders? or tell the WILLIAMSES that he knows how to manage his own geleology?

To proceed: HANSON makes out a very fair state of the case — a long chain of pretty good links, but some on 'em don't hold — for instance, scrofula. DORFIN's knees eaten away with scrofula or king's evil, a complaint which is found in Europe, also in this kedntry: ~~See~~ See our advertising columes. Now Mr. WILLIAMS' knees are scarred, but they forget that he's a

minister, and his praying onto them might account for that, and would be a more consisten way of accounting for it. I have no doubt the distinguish Western lawyer will say that there is not a man in the whole Uniteden Statesen whose knees are seriously affected by praying onto them. That there are very few individooals whose piety will hurt them, we very free to admit, while those who make the most noise about religiot got about as much as that iron poker.

Let the knees go. It is from this wastage of the knees that the family are called BAREBONE, while DORFIN's father, because the people seized him, was also called LEWY SEIZE.

When the child was sent over from Europ two boxes sent with him, containin medals. Well, now, if they wanted to get rid of the DORFIN appears to us that they wouldn't a-sent these coronation medals with him, but buried him among the Ingens without any royal marks save what he carried on his knees. But, since they did send them, Mr. WILLIAMS oughter have have held on to those boxes, which being without them, places the argooment in a bad box. Here is just where the chain was getting a leetle strong, when away goes the box, and we got to begin again. Then that letter that he got from LEWY FLEEP, King of France. That would have been a great docooment, and Mr. WILLIAMS oughter have hung onto it. Where is it? Burnt up by accident. If that's the way the DORFIN takes care of his things, he don't deserve to have them; he would lose his head, but that appears to be a family failin.

As to what Mr. HANSON says that Dr. FRANCIS says that citizen GENIT said at Dr. HOSACKS, it look kind

of queer; but if Dr. FRANCIS says it was said it *was* said, there can be no kind of manner of doubt about that, for the doctor's memory is as good as his doctoring. He is sartin to cure, only gin him any thing like a fair chance. He'll cure you, but we ain't sure that he can set this argooment onto its legs, and we shan't hesitate to continoo to employ him if he don't.

We are waiting to hear what the PRINCE DE JOINVIL says. Why do n't he write to PUTNAM, and tell somethin about that parchment? There is a great deal of meat on this BAREBONE yet, and we should like to see it very fully picked, for which our columes are open. But there is one remarkable coincident which we will present to Mr. HANSON which he has skipped over. Do n't it appear wery strange that the tribe of Ingens where Mr. WILLIAMS was is called *St. Regis*, thus uniting the clerical character of this descendant of Sr. LOUIS with his being a king? We think more of this remarkable cohincidence than all Mr. HANSON's argooment put together; although we do not wish to flatter ourselves. But our paper is going to press; we have our alderman's troubles to attend to; we must leave this BAREBONE controversy. We have done.

SCROFFULA OR KING'S EVIL.—Doctor ELNATHAN WIGGINS, at the sign of the Pezzle and Mortar, Bunkum, prepares and sells a Intment that will affectooate a certain cure for the *Scroffula or King's Evil*. The following certificate just received:

'I hereby certify that I was very sick with a swelled head, which the doctors said was internal scroffula of the mucous membrane. Nottink did n't do me no good tel I tried Dr. ELNATHAN WIGGINS' 'Compound Elizir of Kaimoonatigium,' which reduced my head to the size of my hat in one night, and I have n't been a swell-head sence. JEROTHNAIL P. PEPPINS.'

P. S.—None genuine without stamped with Dr. Wiggins' coat of arms.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE ATTORNEY: OR THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN QUOD. New and Revised Edition, with Illustrations. In one vol. : pp. 384. New-York: SAMUEL HURSTON, 139 Nassau-st. 1853.

THE earlier readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will at once recognize and welcome the 'Correspondence of JOHN QUOD' in its fresh dress. Those, too, who were fortunate enough to become possessed of the volumes of the first edition before it was out of print, will still be gratified to learn that their favorite has reappeared in a new and revised and stereotyped form, in compliance with the peremptory demand of the public. A critical notice of this book in the same pages in which it originally appeared, may possibly seem out of place. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the readers of this Magazine have been at least quadrupled since we commenced the publication of the 'Correspondence,' and Time, which permits us to judge of ourselves and of our own performances with impartiality, should be no less placable when we undertake to examine the work of one of our contributors.

The 'Attorney,' although a work of fiction, is not, strictly speaking, a novel. It has not—it was not intended by the author to have—the usual requisites of commencement, of development, and rounded conclusion which are essential to the romance. It is simply a history in detail of the attempt of an attorney, in the city of New-York, to get possession of the estate of his client by forging his will, by which the only child (a daughter) of the testator is disinherited. From the beginning to the end, the narrative is never lost sight of, although the clever introduction of the individuals of the conspiracy and their associates serves to relieve the story effectually. We have seldom read a book where the portrayal of character is so consistent throughout, and so true to the real. The fault of DICKENS in this particular is that of exaggeration. His villains are such terribly awful and desperate wretches, and his good people are so 'exceeding' good, and his little girls are such dear little creatures, (one wants to be continually patting them on the head and giving them sugar-plums,) that we do fail to recognize in his pictures the real flesh-and-blood characteristics of the living, whether good or bad. From this criticism Mr. JOHN QUOD is essentially free. We do not, indeed, remember to have seen in any one book elsewhere so much

faithful and effective portrait-painting, and such really natural description as in his volume.

Those familiar with scenes frequented by that class, will recognize WILKINS, and HIGGS, and RAWLEY, as familiar faces. It were a work of supererogation, to express our admiration of the *characterization* of BITTERS, for the name has, since the first publication of his history, become a household-word in all the 'places' where fast men and their dogs most do congregate. For once, LANDSEER must succumb. The pen of JOHN QUOD has rivalled his pencil and colors! We cannot resist recording anew the description of this amiable quadruped.

'At his right hand stood a large white bull-dog, who seemed to have been squeezed into a skin too small for his body, by reason of which operation his eyes were forced out like those of a lobster. He had the square head and chest of a dog of the first magnitude; but, probably to accommodate the rest of his body to the scanty dimensions of his skin, he suddenly tapered off from thence to the other extremity, which terminated in a tail not much thicker than a stout wire.' This is the animal which figures so conspicuously through the story, and whose movements are detailed in so appreciative and so artistic a manner. We have praised Mr. Quod's low characters because, bad as they are, they are still men and not demons. We must make an exception of the 'Attorney' himself. Not once do we find him in a relenting mood. We witness no softening, such as WILKINS manifests; and we find for him no excuse, not even the one which HIGGS claims, that he is rendered desperate by starvation. We think if Mr. Quod had given us a little light and shade in his picture of this man, he would have served his own purpose better. 'The Devil is never as black as he is painted.' Even a thoroughly vicious attorney should not lose the benefit of this maxim. By remembering it, Mr. WARREN succeeded perfectly in his delineation of OLLY GAMMON; and although Mr. Quod's 'Attorney' is, in social life, several removes below the respectable member of the firm of QUIRK, GAMMON, and SNAP, he is nevertheless entitled, in our judgment, to the advantage of the same rule. We are the more particular on this head, because, if there is any thing which will detract from the moral of this story, it is the portrayal of a character as an *example*, which is contradicted by the experience of society. We do not believe our city ever produced a REUBEN BOLTON. Attorneys who have proved themselves to be unmitigated in their villany we have had; but REUBEN BOLTON belongs to no community of flesh and blood, and can be judged by no rules applicable to human nature. He manifests *fear*, to be sure, but so do animals, and doubtless fiends.

We should be pleased to allude to other personages in this volume, and which are so naturally drawn as to appear to the reader like old acquaintances, but the limits assigned for 'Notices' necessarily preclude farther citation. We beg, however, to assure our readers that if the 'Attorney' has not yet found a place in their library, they should lose no time in supplying the deficiency. A distinguished lawyer and jurist, in one of the villages of our 'Southern tier,' informed us not long since, that the story of 'The Attorney' was, without exception, the most *intensely* interesting novel he had ever perused in his life. He found it impossible, he said, to lay it aside, after he had entered upon the story, until he had completed it in the 'small hours' of the morning; and that when at last he retired, he found it impossible to sleep, so strong a hold had the characters taken upon his mind. We should not forget to mention that the volume is very cleverly illustrated with designs by BELLEW.

R. B. K.

'THE BATTLE OF THE WORLD:' a Lecture, delivered before the Young Men's Association of the City of Chicago. By BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR. Chicago: A. H. AND C. BURLEY.

WE recognize in the style of this matterful address the facile hand that sketched '*The Old Garret*,' copied some months since into this department of the KNICKERBOCKER. Mr. TAYLOR groups his pictures with the eye of a true artist, and his language is often poetical and forcible, in the highest degree. If we were to object to any thing in his style, it would be, in artist-phrase, a too 'crowded composition' at times, or, in other words, a propensity to use too rich a brush. Illustration, although apposite, may sometimes be so accumulated, that its effect may after all be lessened. But when there is so much that is truly beautiful, as in this lecture, it may seem ungracious even to 'hint in a fault' in so young a writer. We proceed to one or two extracts:

'IN, from under the clear blue sky of heaven, with its glad gushes of sun-light, we come to an humble chamber, guiltless of ornament. Therein is a man, and he bends over a canvas. The light of the setting sun plays in a halo round his head, and falls upon a picture. 'Tis of a dwelling, an humble dwelling, surrounded by old trees, and a hill rising in the distance, and a stream now murmuring in the fore-ground. His pencil deepens this shadow and that tint. The landscape is almost finished. What do ye here? we ask. A light is kindled in his eye; a glow is on his pale cheek; he dashes his pencil upon the palette as he exultingly exclaims: 'I have recalled it all! There is the very tree from whose pendant limbs I swung, years and years ago; and there is the window through whose little blue panes day was wont to break upon my childish eyes; and there the stream where drifted my mimic sail: and there the hill where whirled my mimic mill. And there the roof—ay with the very moss upon its northern eaves—beneath which I loved my first love and thought my first thought. All there! a transcript from memory! The old house—or so they tell me—is dismantled; the roof lets in the stars; weeds have sprung up in the hearth and the grave-yard is more furrowed than ever. Let it crumble; let its dust be strewn to the winds, but its image shall not fade. Time! do thy work; I have thee now! Efface the picture of that house from memory; it shall not be 'lost to sight.' And ere thy fingers shall dim that canvas, I shall have gone beyond thy potent sweep.' And well does he say, I have triumphed over Time; and well does he exult, that with the noiseless weapon of the pencil he has vanquished the conqueror of kings!'

Equally felicitous is this description of the effect of old songs upon the heart and the memory, although we cannot help regarding the sketch of the obdurate 'Man-at-arms of Minerva' as a trifle over-done:

'THERE is, as every body knows, a trumpet-shaped little instrument, wherewith the surgeon plays eaves-dropper to the clink of the machinery of life. There is something sublime in the idea, thus to bring one's ear close to the heart's red brink, and hear the tinkling of the crimson tide. But what would you and I give for some instrument, some stethoscope of the soul, whereby we might hear the music of the heart, and the foot-fall of thought in the hall of the spirit! Such utterances we do sometimes hear, and music is the melodious wing that wafts and warms them on their mission round the world; that will not let them droop; that will not let them die. Auld Lang Syne; here it is, glittering with the dews of its native heather; sung last night in a hovel, sung this morning in a hall. 'When shall we meet again?' Since those old years went by, how many lips have asked, how many knells have answered it! Where pipes Cape Horn through frozen shrouds, the mariner hums 'Sweet Home,' to-night; where hearths are desolate and cold, they sing 'Sweet Home' in heaven. With how many blended hearts from Plymouth to the Prairie, Dundee's wild warbling measures rose, those long-gone Sabbath morns—the strain the Covenanters sang—the tune that lingers yet along the banks of murmuring Ayr. 'The 'Star-spangled Banner,' strong voices hymn on deck and desert, in bivouac and battle, where beats a heart beneath Columbia's flag. The 'Exile of Erin' will sing the mournful strain, while grates his pilgrim-bark upon a foreign shore. 'Those Evening-Bells,' and 'Sweet Afton,' and all that long array of sweet and simple melodies that linger round the heart, like childhood's dreams of heaven; whence came their breath of immortality, if not from lips of Eld?

'And then those sacred tunes that floated round the old gray walls of the village-church, and haunt our memories yet! St. Martin's, St. Thomas, and St. Mary's, immortal as the calendar. Old Hundred, Silver Street, and Mear, and sweet old Corinth; Denmark, Wells, and Peterboro, chance-breaths, caught from the choir above. The faces of the singers have changed since then. The girls are wives; the wives are dead. Those plaintive airs they sang around the open grave beneath the maple's or the poplar's shade! Lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, what is nearer to them than those old strains? Tell me, can the jar of the battle drown those tones, while that heart beats on? Die, till the Great Congregation, the missing ones all gathered home, strike up the sleeping song anew, in temples not built with hands. There's Tallis's Evening Hymn, the vesper of two hundred years! They sing it yet; sing it as they sang, in twilight's hush, and charmed our youthful ears. They? Who and where are they? The

loved in Heaven! Perhaps they sing it there. Who will not say, with CHRISTOPHER NORTH, 'Blessed be the memory of old songs for ever!'

The apostrophe to 'good old-fashioned mothers' who 'followed their children with heart and prayer all over the world, living in their lives, and sorrowing in their grief,' and the contrast of these with the 'strong-minded' female 'reformers' of the present day, are very effectively presented. We quote a single illustration: 'It is related of Madame LUCCIOLA, a renowned vocalist, that she ruined a splendid tenor-voice by her efforts to imitate male-singing. Many a sweet voice and gentle influence in the social harmony has been lost to the world in the same manner. There is nothing more potent than woman's voice, if heard, not in the field, or the forum, but *at home*. The song-bird of Eastern story, borne from its native isle, grew dumb and languished. Seldom did it sing, and only when it saw a dweller from its distant land, or to its drowsy perch there came a tone, heard long ago in its own woods. So with the song that woman sings; it is best heard within Home's sacred temple. Elsewhere, a trumpet-tone, perhaps, a clarion-ery, but the lute-like voice has fled; the 'mezzo-soprano' is lost in the discords of earth.' We know not whether this lecture may have been printed for general circulation, but if so, we commend its perusal to such of our readers as may avail of the pleasure which it has afforded us.

ADVENTURES IN FAIRY-LAND. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. In one volume: pp. 240. BOSTON: TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.

A CHARMING book of tales which ought to be in every family-library, for we know of no more fascinating medium for entertaining and instructing alike old and young. These stories are supposed to have been narrated by the author on the long winter-nights of the week preceding Christmas, when a happy circle of relatives, grown-up men and women, and gay-hearted children, were gathered around the homestead hearth. In the prologue we have a description of this old homestead, which must touch the heart of every reader: it is full of gentle and tender sympathies, showing how our author clings to the memory of the home where his fathers have been young, have grown old and died; where he himself has been a child; and whose roof still shelters the mother that bore him. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, as is remarked by the author, is the last of the fairy-school; and he, indeed, has well succeeded in throwing around his tales a mystic grace, which captivates and enchants, and at the same time instructs and teaches by the moral conveyed. Mr. STODDARD need have no fear of the result of the comparison of his fairy-tales with the productions of the far-famed Northman, nor indeed of any other of those well-known writers who have delved in the golden and exhaustless mines of Fairy-land. The author is well known to the public as one among the foremost of this country's younger poets: and he has carried the poetic element into this book. To be sure its pages look like prose, but so exquisite is the sentiment, and so rich and glowing the fancy, running as they do through and over every page, and glittering and sparkling in almost every line, that we are forced to exclaim, 'It is a book of poems, after all.' In short, it is a volume which none but a poet could have written; and although he is not under the restrictions of rhythm, and measured syllables, and balanced cadences, the imagination and the inspiration are there. In one respect this work of Mr. STODDARD's is a remarkable production. It strikes us as some-

thing *new*. There are no unpleasant reminiscences awakened of *other* fairy tales. This is a fault with most works of the kind. Here we have a beaten track within which all is confined, and one tale bears the impress of, and so closely resembles, some other. The sketches of Mr. SRODDARD are eminently free from this criticism. There is a freshness and originality about them that must render them peculiarly attractive.

For the style: it is so graceful and exquisitely simple that a child can appreciate its excellence, while men of years and learning might well regard it as a study. Doubtless the author intended his adventures in Fairy-land as a book for children; and while we claim it as a book for all, young and old, we heartily and earnestly recommend it to our youthful friends especially. For in it are inculcated lessons of virtue and truth which, if listened to, will surely produce a goodly harvest. We extract the conclusion of the story of 'The Light Boy of Shadow-Land,' which, if it may not illustrate the author's depth of thought and ingenuity of construction so much as some of the tales in this volume, is, to our minds, one of the most beautiful for its simplicity, and the lesson of love it interprets:

'ABOUT this time, the good God gave his parents a little girl to be his sister; but before she had been with them a week, she died, and they laid her in a grave in the old church-yard. This also troubled him; and he asked why they laid her there, and where she went to when they left her alone in the ground. But they could not answer him.

'And now he began to have dreams and visions, and the angels came and enlightened him about these things.

'And this is what they taught him:

'There is no Light-land, (said the angels,) nor Shadow-land, nor Night-land, as men say, either above, or below, or any where in the world, but only in the heart of man, who is all these in himself; and there is no other.

'And those who are laid in graves (said the angels) go not away, as men say, but walk in their old paths, and love their old friends; only men cannot see them any more.

'And the angels themselves (said the angels again) have not gone from the earth, as men say, but haunt it still, as in the old time; only men cannot see them now, because their eyes are stone-blind, and because the angels have no shadows.

'And they taught him farther, (the angels did,) that, when his shadow was gone, a Spirit would come to him and bear him into the Light-land. And he rejoiced thereat, and loved the angels. And his shadow grew less and less.

'And not only his own shadow, but that which hung over the world melted away also. And he walked in brightness, as when the morning breaks through a mist. He lived in a mist of light, and saw the angels on every side, and great temples and palaces of crystal and pearl. And the blessed dead, who died in the Lord, walked there with the angels, hand in hand. And the unhappy dead, who died in their shadows, walked there also, perplexed and sad, groping about for the light, which slowly dawned upon them, as their shadows grew less. And the living were there likewise, the brave, noisy world of men, with all their devices and conceits. But they saw not, and guessed not, where they were, though the angels led them through green pastures and beside still waters. And the dead took them by the hand, and spake the old familiar words, and kissed them with loving lips; but they knew it not, though the memory of old times came over them, and their souls thrilled in tears.

'Among the dead, little LUMINOUS saw the little girl who was sent on earth to be his sister; and she knew him, and kissed him, and sent her love to her dear father and mother.

'And now little LUMINOUS grew familiar with the angels, and learned to know them by sight and name, and their different orders and offices. There was the Angel of the Sun, with a golden shield on his arm; the Angel of the Morning and Evening-Star, and the Angels of Sun-rise and Sun-set, who went before and after the Day in its perpetual journey around the world. And there was the Angel of the Dew and Rain, and the Angel of Mist and Snow, and the beautiful Angel of the Flowers, with his hair full of blowing buds; and many more, whom I have not time to tell you about now. And little LUMINOUS loved them all, and they all loved him, and caressed him; all save one, who kept aloof from the child. And he was the most beautiful and spotless, and the most dazzling of the shining band, yet the most meek and humble of them all; for his hands were folded on his breast, and his large, melancholy eyes were always uplifted in prayer. To the presence and communion of this Spirit LUMINOUS could not yet attain, and it grieved his soul exceedingly; but not long; for he saw that he drew nearer to him day by day, as his shadow lessened; and also that his grievous shadow was almost gone, a little, thin, luminous shade, and nothing more. And his parents saw it likewise, and were likewise aware of the Spirit coming nearer and nearer. And they knew the Spirit, for he it was who bore away the sister of LUMINOUS. But he did not reveal himself to them as to the child. In their eyes he was stern and terrible, and his mantle was a pall. And he seemed no angel, but a spectre, a ghost, a fleshless, bony skeleton, and they feared him much. But LUMINOUS saw him as he really was, and loved him, and beckoned him from the mist. Nor was it long before he came. And thus it happened: One night, before going to sleep, LUMINOUS knelt down and said his prayers, and while he prayed his shadow melted away, and when he arose it was gone, entirely

gone, and light settled in its place. At that moment the Spirit came and breathed upon him, and he was in the Light-land, at once in the Light-land, shadowless and invisible; and his parents saw him no more. But that they might keep him in remembrance, and know what felicity had befallen him, the Spirit left in his stead, in his little bed, a little clay image, with folded hands and smiling face; like him in every thing, even to the least ringlet of his hair. And when they arose in the morning, they saw it sleeping on the child's pillow; but the child himself, little LUMINOUS, the Light Boy of Shadow-land, him they saw not, for he was walking then in the Light-land with the beautiful angels and the dear, good God, for ever and evermore !'

NIGHT-WATCHES: OR THE PEACE OF THE CROSS. By E. L. In one volume: pp. 248. Philadelphia: WILLIS P. HAZARD, Chestnut-street.

THE neat volume bearing the above title reached us from the publisher in just sufficient season to enable us to test the justice of the following remarks of a correspondent: 'Have you seen the poems of 'E. L.,' called '*Night-Watches*?' Since you cannot answer this question, which I forgot while asking it, I will send you the volume so soon as it is out at Philadelphia; and then, if you wish to feel a new sensation, or perhaps to recall vividly an old one, read it as I read it; remembering at every line the circumstances of the writer. It may be the poetry is touching enough without this: but with it you will have, mingling with the natural sadness of the verses, an under-tone or accompaniment of indescribable pathos. Think of her in her youth and prime, shut out from the world; forbidden the sight of sun-shine; the victim, for years, of a strange, complicated malady. It is a strange thing of itself to see the spirit burning clearly in loneliness and darkness, like those lamps we read of in old times that were left with the dead, and closed up in the sepulchre, yet remained lighted for ever. Sometimes I find, or think I find, in the poetry, mournful as it is, a certain buoyancy and conscious strength, such as we recognize in the melancholy tones—there are none more melancholy—of the trumpet. The soul seems to lift itself and brood serenely above the wreck of the body, with a kind of pride, as if defying mortality. But generally there is only a frank, trustful, feminine appeal for sympathy in all her sufferings, and a singularly calm religious faith. She says:

"O Christian of weak faith! Why art thou fearful?
Why is thy soul cast down? Why shouldst thou be
Disquieted, and sorrowful, and tearful,
When CHRIST hath promised still to be with thee?

Doth HE send sorrow in thy path of duty?
Oh, fear it not! The phantom dark and grim
That with its gloomy shadow mars life's beauty,
Can ne'er obstruct the way which leads to HIM
Press onward boldly; do not shrink or falter,
And thou wilt find the dark form in the road
Its hue, and character, and features alter
Into an ANGEL, leading up to God.'

'The thoughts she has '*On receiving some Early blue Violets*,' are perhaps old enough, for aught I know; but is there not something exquisitely simple and feminine about them? You shall judge:

"SWEET violets! ye take me back through many by-gone years,
Till on my memory's faithful page my childhood's home appears;
To those bright days when first to find your heads above the mould,
Smiling like lovely fairy-gifts, brought happiness untold.
How glad I used to hail the warm, the sunny breath of spring,
Knowing what darling visitants it would be sure to bring!
Am I indeed that child? Ah! years have wrought a wondrous change
Since I 'mid early flowers and leaves could free and joyous range

Am I that child? Subdued and saddened more by trials keen
 Than ever by life's added years, I'm not what I have been:
 No gaiety, no rapturous bliss, but only still content
 Is all I now can feel, if any joy to me is sent.'

'She strives to express, at other times, one peculiarity of the suffering to which she is subject, and which affects her partly in a physical and partly in a mental or spiritual sense:

"STILLNESS of suffering! painful calm! inactive agony!
 Quiet endurance of much pain! hast thou o'ertaken me?
 Oh, is there in the treasure-house of heavenly chastening
 Our loving FATHER opes for us more grief than this doth bring?
 While we *are moving* on our way, though every step may wound,
 Our bleeding feet we may forget, nor heed the rugged ground:
 But oft our onward course is checked; the path we bravely trod
 Is now forbid; we hear, 'Be *still*, and know that I am God!'"

'This poem closes with the strain of subdued triumph, the calm soaring of the spirit on angel-wings above all earthly ills, of which I have spoken. There are many other verses I would like to quote, for some delicate or sad appeal in them, or for their elegance, or for their simple sincerity; but these will answer as illustrations, and the rest you shall, as I said, have an opportunity to read, and an early one.'

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ROBIN HOOD AND CAPTAIN KIDD. By WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL. In one volume: pp. 263. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

The passage from SOUTHEY, which stands as a motto for this timely and very interesting book, expresses well the universal fame which one of its themes has inspired: 'The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, and the MARQUIS OF GRANBY, have flourished upon sign-posts and have faded there; so have their compeers, Prince EUGENE and Prince FERDINAND. RODNEY and NELSON are fading, and the time is not far distant when WELLINGTON also will have had his day. But while England shall be England, ROBIN HOOD will be a popular name.' Nor is the story of ROBERT KIDD less known, wherever the English language is read or spoken. In an article read, the last winter, before the New-York Historical Society, and which at the time attracted much attention and deserved admiration, Judge CAMPBELL availed himself of several rare documents in his possession, and of much newly-discovered *matériel*, for the purpose of showing the true character and relations of this noted buccaneer. Having been often desired by members of the Historical Society and others to enlarge and publish the narrative, Mr. CAMPBELL has at length yielded to their request, and the result is the entertaining and instructive volume under notice. The period, he justly observes, in which Captain KIDD lived was one of absorbing interest, both in England and America. He was a partner with men who exerted a controlling influence in the affairs of government on both sides of the Atlantic; and hence the double interest that will be excited by this elaborate and truthful historical investigation of his wild career. Touching ROBIN HOOD, our readers will remember an admirable sketch in these pages from the pen of Judge CAMPBELL, describing a visit which, while in England, he paid to the grave of the world-renowned outlaw, of which an accurate engraving was given, from a drawing taken on the spot. We have only to announce the united publication of the two popular ballads of ROBIN HOOD and his 'merrie men' 'under the green-wood tree,' and ROBERT KIDD, 'as he sailed, as he sailed,' to secure for the present book a circulation commensurate with their time-honored popularity.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Up the River, March, 1853.

'ONCE more the trees are all covered, and the Ice-king comes bedecked with gems. Through the day a cold sun shone, and did not dissolve the frost-work; and at night I walked through an enchanted grove, with the full round moon aloft. A profound stillness reigned abroad, for I heard not a billow beat, and not a sound murmur, only the crackle of the icy tubes and crusted leaves beneath the feet. The eye danced confusedly among the spangles and clusters of glassy fruitage, where all the softened glory of the night appeared to wreak itself, and the pure bosom of every pearl-drop was made the residence of a star. I picked up a handful of fallen globules, and saw the satellite's image.

'How tranquilly and how beautifully do the heavens come down to rest on every object save the blurred heart of man! The earth violates no law, and God mirrors HIMSELF upon its surface, and there is no dew-drop so small that it could not show a picture of all the worlds which He has made. And here methought that the dissolution of light into its original prismatic colors is like the dissolving of all things pure and good; ever waxing more saintly beautiful as they lapse into more ethereal forms, when their vital intensity and strength appear to die away. These beams, which were the descendants of the sun, transferred to the spiritual brightness of the moon, flickered away in the bosom of the ice-drops like the colors which grace the plumes of a departing angel in its flight. And how marvellous the transformation of created things! Here in this grove had I rambled like a spirit to some well-loved haunting-place in summer, when the trees were plumply budding, and the blossoms of the wild-grape gave a good smell; here tracked the by-path through opposing brambles to some choice bower, or sat beside the dripping stones where the waters of the brook murmured; here, lulled to quietude, stood still beneath the branching elm to hear the dashing of the airy surf, and thread the delicious notes of every wild-bird through the mazes of concerted song; here, in the suggestive hurry of the moment, how vainly drew the ivory tablets to receive the pictures which I had no hand to pencil, and the poem which I had no power to write! And now, how changed the scene since the prompting-whistle of the winter gave its piercing summons for the green curtain to be withdrawn; and as I saw the shafts and over-arching limbs of elms and veteran oaks encased in icy armor,

through which the mottled moon-beams shone upon the path, I felt like one who trod among the abodes of Genii, and the illusions of a Fairy-land. O, ye ice and snow, bless ye the Lord! praise Him and magnify Him for ever! On the morrow a new scene awaited me.

'Have you ever gazed upon the noble river when it has been congealed down to the very caves and pores of the earth, out of which its living streams bubble? It is a spectacle not less worthy of admiration than when it flashes unimpeded in the summer's sun. I went down to its yet frozen marge, and desired to cross over. The great slabs of ice which had first floated on the current from its source in the high north, forced one above the other where they had been intercepted by the projecting shore, lay as far as the eye could reach in wild and chaotic confusion. I had myself seen them when, loose, grinding, and jostling and leaping over each other, pushing in advance of them with a shovelling sound a mass of pounded ice, they became banked up on the shores; and it now looked as if these wide-strewn and gigantic blocks had been hewn from some Arctic quarry, or as if here a crystal city had been laid waste,

'With all its towers, and domes, and cathedrals,
In undistinguishable overthrow.'

Then came the thought that all these rocky ruins were but a portion of the liquid waves which lately kissed the shore with scarce a murmur, and again the transformation should be brought about. They should be changed into an element so light as to be wafted in company with the feather, or to buoy up the stem of a lily in its cove. Nature is the great magician, after all; and from 'cold Obstruction's apathy,' unto the loving warmth and light of life, her processes are all miracles as much as when a dead man is raised from the sepulchre; not more. One is more astounding than the other, but God works both in the development of his glorious and immutable laws.

'The frozen surface of the river, at the point where I stood, was inconceivably jagged and wild, like its ice-bound coasts, (save here and there a smooth, slippery plane,) as if it had been frozen when a crisp breeze was blowing; consisting of slabs of snow-ice cemented roughly, intercepted snow-banks, rude, unsightly masses jutting up, sharp splinters and candescent pinnacles as far as the eye could reach, all glittering in the sun; but in the centre, the powerful current, struggling to throw off its manacles, had forced a way, and rolled on freely to the sea. Thus was the bridge broken; and the gigantic effort was going on, for I heard the great mass split with a sound like thunder, followed by a track of rainbow-colors and feathery pencillings of light throughout the passage of the entire cleft. I stood uncertain upon the brink, when two ferry-men approached, and without the offer of a 'silver crown' engaged to carry me to the opposite bank in safety. Their boat was fixed on temporary runners. When I had embarked and sat down in the middle seat, they threw off their coats, although the air was sharp, and fastened on their feet thongs pierced with sharp nails. Seizing the boat at each end, they dragged it with difficulty over the rough parts, glibly and on the full run over the smooth ice, among the skating-boys; and presently we approached the lip of thin ice on the borders of the stream. Here the advancement became ticklish, and it required no small dexterity to effect the launch. 'Try it a little farther up the stream,' said the boat-man, and accordingly they pushed along to seek for an eligible spot for getting out into clear water. The way in which the boat-men effected it was this: one sat on the bow as he would on a horse, trying the strength of the thin glass before him

with his feet, the other pushed on the outside from the stern. This caused no small rocking, and I began to protest earnestly against this polar-navigation, and to dread the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. Once or twice the adventurous ferryman had his foot in, and at last, when the ice gave way under the pressure of the boat, and he drew in his legs, the other continued to push until he also jumped suddenly in and nearly upset the boat. I informed the captain and the mate that had I known their tactics, I should not have put my life in jeopardy. They replied that 'any business was safe arter you had got accustomed to it;' and taking each a chew of tobacco, they pushed the loose ice aside, the larger cakes with the heels of their boots, and at last took to their oars in the open sea. The landing on the ice was again effected in a like manner, only that the helms-man embarked first. Very glad was I to reach the opposite coast, and I made a vow on the deck of a canal-boat—on which I had the good luck to scramble—by all the spires of Newburgh, to invoke the aid of steam when I should be ready to re-cross the river.

'FIFTEENTH.—Still the winter lingers, although it relaxes its hold, and the plough-share has become burnished in the furrow, and 'the plough-man homeward plods his weary way.' The sap runs up in the maple, and the stems of the brook-willows look as yellow as gold. The purple shadows lie beautiful on the mountains, where the forests are just budding, while on a sunny day the blue-birds come out in multitudes from the holes in the apple-trees, and make the orchards vocal with their rich, velvet notes. Blue-bird is the precursor of spring-tide, the emblem of hope, and the violet of the air. I love to see him shake his indigo-wings on a chilly Sunday morning on my way to church; and although his song is reduced to a single plaintive note in autumn, there is, as I may say, but a narrow strip of icy weather between the pauses of his roundelay. He is with us when the crisp and yellow leaves are falling, and he returns to warble before the trees begin to bud. He is seldom shot at, and enjoys deservedly a perfect freedom of the air.

'To see a fellow on a summer's morning'

aim his gun at such a bird as this, would be enough to rouse the heirs of AUBON, or the shade of WILSON, at the sound of his detested volley. For this bird, WILSON, is thy *Sialia Wilsonii*, and not unworthy to be described in scientific language down to his very toes: 'Feet rather stout; his toes of moderate length; the outer toe united at the base; the inner free; hind-toe the strongest.' But now, while Blue-bird sings, the sun has vanished, the clouds fly hurry-scurry, the snows fall criss-cross, and the small white pellets bounce upon the sod, and show a disposition to gather in angles and at the house-corners; for March goes out with the weeping, whining, whimpering, whimsical moods which belong to April and early May.

'At this season of the year, when the recurrence of every pleasant day makes you to feel as if you had the fee-simple of the summer; and when, with an ill-temper, you again meet the exacerbating winds which blow from ice-bbergs or mountains sprinkled with the snows, there is no place of resort more pleasant than on the threshing-floor, within the open folding-doors of a big barn. It is a nook which draws the sun; and in the yard, covered knee-deep with chaff, stands the mullowing cow, with her little white-speckled offspring at her side, licking its soft fur with motherly affection; while the lordly cock scratches for hid

treasures; and the hens, whose combs have freshly sprouted and have a sanguine color, utter the well-known sounds indicative of fresh eggs in the spring: 'CUTAROUT! cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut! Cutarout! cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cutarout!'

'This reminds me that an effort has been lately made, upon a pitch-dark night, by some persons destitute of moral principle, to steal my fowls. But the great muscular energy of the Shanghais was sufficient to break the bandages with which they had been secured, and I found them with the strings dangling about their legs in the morning. I have received a present of a pair of Cochins, a superb cock and a dun-colored hen. I put them with my other fowls in the cellar, to protect them for a short time from the severity of the weather. My Shanghai rooster had for several nights been housed up; for on one occasion, when the cold was snapping, he was discovered under the lee of a stone-wall, standing on one leg, taking no notice of the approach of any one, and nearly gone. When brought in, he backed up against the red-hot kitchen-stove, and burnt his tail off. Before this he had no feathers in the rear to speak of, and now he is bob-tailed indeed. ANNE sewed upon him a jacket of carpet, and put him in a tea-box for the night; and it was ludicrous on the next morning to see him lifting up his head above the square prison-box, and crowing lustily to greet the day. But before breakfast-time he had a dreadful fit. He retreated against the wall, he fell upon his side, he kicked and he 'carried on;' but when the carpet was taken off, he came to himself, and ate corn with a voracious appetite. His indisposition was no doubt occasioned by a rush of blood to the head from the tightness of the bandages. When Shanghai and Cochins met together in the cellar, they enacted in that dusky hole all the barbarities of a profane cock-pit. I heard a sound as if from the tumbling of barrels, followed by a dull, thumping noise, like spirit-rappings, and went below, where the first object which met my eye was a mouse creeping along the beam out of an excavation in my pine-apple cheese. As for the fowls, instead of salutation after the respectful manner of their country,—which is expressed thus: SHANG knocks knees to COCHIN, bows three times, touches the ground, and makes obeisance—they were engaged in a bloody fight, unworthy of celestial poultry. With their heads down, eyes flashing and red as vipers, and with a feathery frill or ruffle about their necks, they were leaping at each other, to see who should hold dominion of the ash-heap. It put me exactly in mind of two Scythians or two Greeks in America, where each wished to be considered the only Scythian or only Greek in the country. A contest or emulation is at all times highly animating and full of zest, whether two scholars write, two athletes strive, two boilers strain, or two cocks fight. Every lazy dog in the vicinity is immediately on hand. I looked on until I saw the Shanghai's peepers darkened, and his comb streaming with blood. These birds contended for some days after for preëminence, on the lawn, and no finching could be observed on either part, although the Shanghai was by one-third the smaller of the two. At last the latter was thoroughly mortified; his eyes wavered and wandered vaguely, as he stood opposite the foe; he turned tail and ran. From that moment he became the veriest coward, and submitted to every indignity without attempting to resist. He suffered himself to be chased about the lawn, fled from the Indian meal, and was almost starved. Such submission on his part at last resulted in peace, and the two rivals walked side by side without fighting, and ate together with a mutual concession of the corn. This, in turn, engendered a degree of presumption on the part of the Shanghai cock;

and one day, when the dew sparkled and the sun shone peculiarly bright, he so far forgot himself as to ascend a hillock, and venture on a tolerably triumphant crow. It showed a lack of judgment: his cock-a-doodle-doo proved fatal. Scarcely had he done so, when Cochinchina rushed upon him, tore out his feathers, and flogged him so severely, that it was doubtful whether he would 'remain with us.' Now, alas! he presents a sad spectacle; his comb frozen off, his tail burnt off, and his head knocked to a jelly. While the corn jingles in the throats of his compeers, when they eagerly snap it, as if they were eating from a pile of shilling-pieces or fl'penny-bits, he stands aloof, and grubs in the barren ground. How changed!

'Last summer I had bad luck in raising chickens. A carriage ran over and crushed five out of ten young innocents, and the shrill cries of the hen were like lamentations in Rama. Sitting in my study, I heard the voice of FET-O-RA, saying, 'Ah! dear little sweet creatures! One killed—two killed—three killed. Ah! poor, run-over, dear, dead little creatures! Ah! here's another!—ah! ah! ah! ah!' And with a succession of ah's, did FLORA lift up her hands over the dead chickens, while the tears ran down her red English cheeks. Could I be protected from the abandoned chicken-stealer and roost-thief who carries a bag on his shoulder on a misty night, to depopulate the coops and take from you all which is left from casualty, from the pip and the gapes, then would I be encouraged to establish a model Hennerly, to be visited by all the neighbors round. But there is little virtue extant in the country, which is the very spot where her pure model ought to be. One would think, that where the grass grows, the streams run, the trees blossom, the birds warble and the bees hum, there would be no stealing, except the innocent delights which the senses steal from the song of the birdlings, from the fragrance of the honey-suckle or the rose. But in the very place where there ought to be a cottage over-run with sweet vines, there you see the deep-laid foundations of a fortress inhabited by eight hundred rogues. In it the incipient coop-robber is himself cooped up, having been by degrees developed into the full-blown wretch. He who will pull down a fowl by the legs from his neighbor's corn-crib will at last be guilty of any depravity of which the human heart is capable. It is not too much to say, that half the zest of living in the country is impaired by the annoyance of the detested thieves and poachers, who find you out even in the most sacred and retired spots. For whensoever your grapes blush to one another, and your fruits wear the ruddy hue of ripeness, and your melons are at the picking-point, you pay your morning-visit to the garden and find them gone. Last year I had a solitary peach upon a solitary tree, for the early frost frustrated the delicious crop. This only one, which, from its golden color, might be entitled *El Dorado*, I watched with fear and trembling from day to day, patiently waiting for the identical time when I should buoy it up carefully in my hand, that its pulp should not be bruised, tear off its thin peel, admonished that the time had come by a gradual releasing of the fruit from its adhesion to the stem, and I appointed the next day for the ceremonial of plucking. The morrow dawned, as bright a day as ever dawned upon the earth, and on a near approach I found it still there, and said, with chuckling gratification, 'There is some delicacy in thieves.' Alas! on reaching it, somebody had taken a large bite out of the ripest cheek, but with a sacrilegious witticism had left it sticking to the stem. The detestable prints of the teeth which bit it were still in it, and a wasp was gloating at its core.

Had he taken the whole peach, I should have said, 'Oh, villain, thou shalt be condemned to everlasting redemption for this!' But as he was joker enough to bite only its sunny side, I must forgive him, as one who has some element of salvation in his character, because he is disposed to look at the bright side of things. What is a peach? A mere globe of succulent and delicious pulp, which I had rather be deprived of than cultivate bad feelings, even toward thieves. Wherever you find rogues whose deeds involve a saline element of wit, make up your mind that they are no rogues. That is the moral. From what I have said some lessons may be learned by your mere fantastic novices, who pop down suddenly in some box in the country, expecting verily to find an elysium on earth. They have the most extravagant dreams about pure milk, choice air, fresh vegetables, plenty of poultry, fine fruit: but when they come, they will find out that even there, all milk will not gather cream; all the winds are not impregnated with health; all peas are not Prince ALBERT's; all the market is not at their command; all the fruits of the earth may disappoint their promise; and that there is as much need of good-humor in the country as in any place under heaven. Oh, 'how weary, flat, stale, and unprofitable' life is without an allowing heart, to smile on apparent wrongs, and to have a grateful sense of God's goodness! Bad is a most precious element, and enhances the good.

'EIGHTEENTH. — Saw a dove.

'NINETEENTH. — To-day ANNE brought in, with an air of triumph, two PUEBE-BIRDS, sometimes called pe-wees, caught in the loft of the barn. She held one in each hand, while their black heads and twinkling eyes appeared out of the port-hole made by her thumb and fore-finger. They were extremely frightened, and it is enough to touch a heart of stone to see a little bird tremble. PUEBE always builds under cover; the wings are dusky, bosom brown, and tail slightly emarginate. It is a modest little bird, of a plain, Quaker aspect, and with nothing particular to distinguish it; but on that very account I have always admired the pe-wee. For although he is very simple in his manners, and has no voice, and his plumage is extremely dusky, he is one of the earliest visitants in our latitudes in the spring-time of the year. Beside this, he throws himself on your hospitality and protection; and if you have a spare shed, or loft, or barn, in which there is room for a nest, there the PUEBE-bird is sure to come, because he must be under cover. I was lying upon the sofa, reading Sir PHILIP SIDNEY's *Arcadia*, when ANNE came in, and I told her to let the two birds go. She opened her hands, and they flew about the room, dashing against the window-panes, the looking-glass, and the astral-lamp. At last they flew out of the open door, and returned to the loft, where they are now building a nest. Their eggs are white, slightly spotted with red.

'TWENTIETH. — The day being balmy, I started on a pedestrian excursion, through the woods and fields, and along the river's marge, to dine with ——. I was within half a mile of the place, walking in a narrow road which lay up a steep hill, and on the left a water-brook, bordered with willows and a thick wood. The wood was separated from the road by a picket fence. Just before reaching this spot, I met at short intervals two snakes. The first I let go. He was a garter-snake, squirming about in the dusty path. But the other I killed, and tossed him to a distance on the ferule of my cane. The first I yielded to the 'quality' of mercy, the second sacrificed to the sterner attribute of justice. Scarcely had I dispatched him, when my ear caught the sound of a heavy tramp

or movement in the grove, and looking in the direction of the sound, lo! an enormous snapping-turtle, with outstretched neck about the thickness of a man's wrist. I was over the pickets in the twinkling of an eye, and got between him and the brook, lest he should scramble in. He did not budge. I stood beside him, and he was my prize. Had I fished for him ten years, I never should have got him, and now, as I looked down upon him, was astonished at his magnitude. He took it in very bad part that he was captured, and snapped the cane, which I held with so tight a hold, that I was enabled to drag him into the middle of the road. He was no turtle-dove in temper. His tail was of enormous thickness at the base, and about two-thirds of a foot in length; his paws of similar proportions, and exceeding fat; and from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, he measured about two feet. After getting him on his back, it was a subject of some moments' serious reflection how to carry with immunity this great monster, who could bite off a man's finger in the twinkling of an eye. I made experiments as to the circumference in which his claws and his neck could stretch and circumbend. Then I seized him boldly by the tip-scales of his tail, and lifting him from the ground, all the joints and articulations of that member relaxing one after another, and cracking under his great weight, I carried him at arms-length, now in the right hand, now in the left, having much precaution for the calves of my legs. Thus I got him to the house, and laid him on the lawn in front of the house, on his back. Here a jury was summoned to decide upon his merits; and it was a matter of argument whether to bring him at once to the block, or to set him cruising among the tit-bits of the slop-pail, to get his musk out and qualify him for the future tureen. The latter course was deemed judicious. He weighed eight pounds. So much for catching a turtle.

'TWENTY-FIRST. — Notwithstanding the eddying clouds of dust, and the damp, raw winds, which almost cut you to the bone, this is a hopeful, pleasant season of the year. The natural world by many a sign and symptom gives notice that it is waking up. The lively and loquacious cackling of the barn-yard fowls, *cutarcut!* responding to the asseveration of distant *cutarcut!* the clarified crow of the roosters, the perpetual blaäing of calves; the familiar scolding appeals to oxen in the fields: 'Gee! haw! buck! You know better'n that! I tell you to haw! come areöand!' — all these announce that the summer is nigh at hand. About the twentieth of March the bull-frogs will be sometimes out in full chorus; at least, some of the peepers, but the eel-frogs hang back until it is time to bob for eels. These make a trilling sound, very different from the peepers or big blood-an-oons. It is like the continued springing of a watchman's rattle. The bull-frogs, as it is said, come out several times and go back again. They must see their way clear through the bogs before venturing permanently out of the profound mud. It is an adage, that they must three times look through their spectacles, or glass-windows, (that is, through the ice,) before they sing in full concert. Then the peepers begin on a high key, with a singularly sweet and lucid voice, somewhere betwixt a silver-whistle and a glass-bell, smacking little of the mud: 'Eep-eep-eep-eep! ee ee-ee! eepee! eepee-peepee! peep-eep! eepee! eepee! eepee!' accompanied by a few trills long continued, and a whole rabble of gluckers; but the big bassoon accompaniment comes afterward, and then you hear all the several kinds at once, an entertainment not unpleasing to musical ears:

'GLUCKLUCK! gluckluck! gluckluck! Luckluck! luckluck! luckluck! Uckluck! uckluck! uckluck! Goltack! goltuck! goltuck! goltuck! Goltuckle, goltuckle, goltuckle! Gluckle, gluckle!

Locklock glock glock glock glock! Ukuk uk uk! Ukker, ukker! gluck luck! Eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! eep! Ur-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! DOUBLOON! DOUBLOON-oon! oon! oon! gluckluck! gluckluck! eep! eep! weep! peep-peep! peep-peep! Kax-kax! kaxkax-kekek, kekek! Ek-ek! ek-ek! Brek-kek! brek-kek! Blek-kek, blek-kek! kwax-kwax! kwax-kwax! Brekekek, brekekek! Ekekek ekekek! Kwax-kwax! kuax-kuax! uk-uk! uk-uk-uk! kuax-kuax! ekek! ek-ek, uk-uk, gluckluck, gluckluck, goluckle, goluckle, goluckle, quockle-quockle, quockle-quockle! Ockle, ockle, ockle, ockle! Ockaocka! ocka, ocka, lockle, lockle, ockalockle, ockalockle! Ockwog, eepeep, eep eep!—BOLOONK! BOLOONK —*Bloonk!* blockblock, blockblock, blockblock, ockalockle bluckbluck golucklegoluckle gluckgluck ukukuk kuax kuax kuax!'

'And so they go on, not to do them injustice, all night long, to the best of their ability, singing their MAKER's praises in their marshy paradise. When I have sometimes looked at the unsightly swamp, the quaking bogs, the stagnant muck, and all the green and grassy scum, the nursing-place of chills, quatern-agues, typhus, typhoid, intermittent, remittent, and bilious-fevers, it is a wonder that music should proceed from such a dismal theatre. Do the epicures know that they are eating poison with the hind-legs of bull-frogs? Then let this insinuation cause them to desist; or if not, at least a feeling of shame when they discover the slender bones on which the small amount of delicate flesh gathers. Is it worth while for a gluttonous stomach to send out deputies to hunt the marshes for the mere hind-legs of these creatures, butchering off whole orchestras in a single day? Were I the owner of a pond of bull-frogs, I would sue a poacher for killing my bull-frogs as quickly as for killing my bobolinks. It is a sickly and depraved appetite which must feed on nightingales. The winding and transparent cells of the ingeniously-constructed ear require food for their digestion as much as the big dark cavern of the stomach, where the bull-dog gastric juices of a hale man will tear to pieces the stoutest integuments, or even nails, as quick as vinegar will dissolve pearls. In all probability, the ear will be starved, if the hunting-grounds are limited to the edge of marshes, and if the game-laws have no reference to bull-frogs. It is pardonable to knock dogs in the head with bludgeons during the dog-days: for

'Dogs delight to bark and bite;
It is their nature, too.'

'But bull-frogs do no harm, except when eaten, and then they're poison: the wind under their cheeks is full of fever and ague. It is much more pleasant to hear their paludinal *brek-kek, brek-kek, kuax-kuax*! upon a summer evening, than to see their legs served up at the tables of the effeminate. It is amusing to walk upon the water's edge, and mark their big probulgent green eyes sticking out from where they sun themselves, on a stone or a peninsular-bog, or leap off severally, with a shrill and startling *koax*! when foot-steps shake the sod. There is one experiment worth trying. Select a big, full-grown bull-frog, approach softly in the rear—no, first go into the house, and ask if there is such a thing in it as a feather-bed, for feather-beds are so disagreeable and unhealthy, that they are somewhat out of fashion. But in many places in the country they still use them, especially in the guest-chamber, in July and August—feather-beds and cotton-sheets. Tell the landlady that you want a feather, if she can spare one, to try an experiment with a bull-frog. She will of course ask you what you want to do with a bull-frog, and try to laugh you out of it. It is no matter: if there is no feather-bed, then you go into the barn yard, and look about until you have found a piece of down. If you cannot find any, return home and obtain a quill, unless you make use of steel-pens. In that case, call at any farmer's, and buy a small quill. Let no proud utilitarian sneer at the very idea of making an experiment with bull-frogs. They illustrate galvanism, but this experiment has no

reference whatever to galvanism. It is, however, curious. It has been tried, and if dexterously performed, it will succeed. You take the quill in your hand, approach the frog softly in the rear — perhaps he is one of those gorgeous and ornamental ones, tricked out in gold ear-rings: all the better. Don't let him steal a march on you, and hop so suddenly as to frighten you out of your wits, and get your foot wet. Go behind him, and gently tickle him with the feather on the back of the head. He will not budge: on the contrary, he will whine and cry most piteously, just like a little child: '*Aigh! yaigh! yaigh! yaigh!*' If you go too fast, he will click his jaws two or three times, crying, '*Imm! imm! immur!*' and then souse down with a *blockbluck!* splash!

'The largest bull-frogs which I have ever known are on the coasts of Connecticut, in the town of Norwalk. Sitting on the piazza of the hotel a summer or two ago, I heard them toward sun-down from their head-quarters in the neighboring mill-pond: '*Doub-le-oon! double-oon! doubleoon!*' The noise which they make is astounding, full as loud as an ordinary Bashan bull; and if it could be controlled, might be made use of for practical purposes, to call men from the factories. They are about as large as a grown rabbit, and the nativity of the oldest must date back as far as to the days of CORRON MATHER or the Reverend JONATHAN EDWARDS. The supply of wind in their cheeks is almost equal to that of a small organ in a country-church. The compass of their voices is about three miles, and all their dimensions exaggerated in the extreme.'

R. W. S.

PAAS FESTIVAL OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY. — The time-honored festival of *Paas* was celebrated, as usual, by the SAINT NICHOLAS Society, at the Astor-House, on Thursday evening, the thirty-first of March. The members of the Society assembled in goodly numbers at about eight o'clock, the hour named for the occasion. Being a strictly family-gathering of the '*Sons of Saint NICHOLAS*,' the ceremonies attendant upon their anniversary festival are entirely dispensed with. No music, no formal toasts, no set speeches are expected. No guests, as such, are invited to participate in it, although, as the guests of individual members, many are welcome, and received as brothers at a brothers' board. The room exhibited no special decorations, save the Society's picture of good old New-Amsterdam, which occupied its usual place at one end, and a picture of DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, immediately over the PRESIDENT's chair. Mounted on his pedestal, immediately in front of the PRESIDENT, was, as a matter of course, the famous Cock which from time immemorial kept watch on top of the Stadt-Huys of New-Amsterdam, and is now never missed at the festive gatherings of the Society. The PRESIDENT, the Hon. OGDEN HOFFMAN, presided with all that genial good-humor, wit, and eloquence, which have rendered him, in a peculiar sense, the pet of the Society. After a full discussion of the good things provided for the occasion, under the direction of the tasteful and ever-watchful STEWARDS, the great feature of the evening, the *Paas Eggs*, variously and beautifully colored, and in great profusion, were introduced, together with the Long Pipes and SAINT NICHOLAS PUNCH. Scenes of merriment and fun ensued, until, the supply of sound Eggs being exhausted, (the '*victors*' triumphantly displayed their spoils' in heaps of '*Soft-Shells*,') the members, impatient to hear from their PRESIDENT, and to receive his high and mighty mandates for the evening, gave unmistakable evidence of their

wishes. Yielding to the call, he arose, and assuming his badge of power, the venerable cockéd hat, in a humorous, eloquent, and very 'telling' speech, he addressed his fellow-members. He reminded them that it was the last time that he would, in an official capacity, appear before them. The inexorable law of the Society forbade his presiding over them longer than the two years allotted to each presidential term. He reviewed his administration, during which he had endeavored to uphold the dignity of the Society, and of his high and honorable position, compared with which all other dignities sank into insignificance, and he declared his satisfaction with the retrospect. He had on all occasions given full toleration to speech and action, and had forbidden the introduction of but one single subject. It was, however, but too apparent that his wishes were to-night disregarded in this particular, and that the 'Hard-Shells' were entirely in the ascendancy, and had every thing their own way. He was disposed, however, to wink at it for the nonce, and yield to the necessities of the case. No more should he hear their voices, imitating Jove's thunder, calling upon him; and naught now remained but to thank them for their kindness and their obedience to his imperial mandates. He would soon again become an humble member among them, and would then show how he, in turn, could yield strict obedience to the high power that he had wielded, and which must now pass into the hands of another. Alluding to a distinguished gentleman seated at his left, he proposed as a toast, 'Ex-Governor HUNT.' The Society responded in nine hearty cheers, a grateful evidence of the respect and esteem they felt for one who had so ably filled the exalted position of Chief Magistrate of the Empire State. His Excellency replied at length to the compliment, in a review of the history of the early settlers of this State, and the land of their nativity; their enterprise and virtue, and the good they had done for the cause of civil and religious liberty throughout the world. Thanking the Society for the kind manner in which he had been received, he referred to one of its members, whose presence alone prevented his alluding to him in terms of fitting eulogy for the services he had rendered, not only to his native State, but to the nation and its literature, in the able and interesting '*History of the Early Annals of the State of New-York*,' recently from his pen. Trusting that he might find time and leisure to complete the task which he had so nobly begun, he gave 'The health of Mr. JOHN ROMEYN BRODHEAD.' Proud of him as a member, as one of their stewards, and still more, as the able champion of the 'Father-land,' the Society received the compliment with enthusiastic cheering. Mr. BRODHEAD replied fittingly and with characteristic modesty. He gave in return the health of Ex-Governor WASHINGTON HUNT. Speeches were also made in reply to complimentary references by Mr. J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN and ex-Chief-Justice JONES, both former Presidents of the Society. The latter gentleman, in a strain of earnest and impressive eloquence, dwelt at some length on the character and virtues of the people who conquered Holland from PHILIP the Second of Spain, and who, for a time, established their preëminence as the first maritime nation of the world; literally sweeping the seas with the broom at the mast-head of their navy. Dr. BEALES, President of the St. GEORGE'S Society, Mr. CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College, Vice-Presidents KIR and DE PEYSTER, Colonel LOW, Chairman of the Committee of Stewards, and many other gentlemen, responded when called upon. The 'small hours' had already commenced, when the PRESIDENT, remarking that it was time that all descendants of our early-rising forefathers should seek the repose necessary to a proper emulation of their example, took

his leave, delegating the chair he had so acceptably occupied to another, with full permission, however, for them to remain and enjoy themselves as long as they chose. The PRESIDENT's example, however, was law; and the members soon after separated, delighted, as they always are and always will be, with the annual reunion and its hearty and cordial festivities.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — If the following were not fully and perfectly authenticated, as a veritable Puritan record, we should somewhat hesitate before giving it publicity. But it reaches us through the columns of the '*Congregational Journal*,' of Concord, (New-Hampshire,) to which it is transferred from an original letter dated 'Bennington, (Vermont,) December 25, 1771:'

'A VERY odd kind of providence happened lately in our neighborhood, viz.: Mr. ZEBULON STANHOPE, a farmer, living about five miles N. E. by N. of this township, having trained a couple of large bears to the plough and other services, clapped them before his sled last week, with twenty schipples of wheat for the New City. The animals drew extremely well for four miles and a half, when, the halter of the near bear giving way, the farmer set about repairing it; but while he was thus employed, the inhuman brute, seizing him by the right leg, tore it miserably; and both bears, hauling together, ran away with the sled; so that with the greatest difficulty he got home in four hours on foot.

'Messengers were dispatched to look for the sled and cargo; and two days being spent in fruitless search, they were given up for lost. But on the third, at noon, the noise of a carriage near the house was heard, and young GAD STANHOPE jumped up to see who was coming; when, behold! to his great astonishment, it proved to be the two bears drawing the sled into the barn, with no earthly thing in it, except four large bears and three cubs. The lad, and two men who happened to be then in the house, ran nimbly, and shutting the barn-door, with my long gun shot them all through a crevice.'

Observe, please, the rather indefinite manner in which the old New-England doctrine of 'fore-ordination' is indicated here: 'An *odd* kind of PROVIDENCE *happened*,' etc. A man with his right leg torn 'miserably' by an 'inhuman brute' of a bear, without subsequent loss of life or limb, it strikes us, should have employed language more suited to the 'era' and the occasion. - - - 'ON a recent visit to the great and magnificent State of New-Jersey,' writes an always welcome correspondent, ('the first time I had ever been in a foreign country,') I had the happiness of passing through 'Dogtown,' a place situated in the mud, about mid-way between the Raritan and Delaware rivers. 'Dogtown' is an enterprising village, and contains a number of flourishing pig-pens, beside a goose-pond of liberal dimensions. While I laughed at the name of this thriving town set in the mud, a fellow-traveller gave me the following legend concerning its origin: 'About the time of the Revolutionary War, an old Scotch physician became a resident of the hamlet, and bled the people as he had opportunity. It was said that he could pry into the future, and foretell a death in the neighborhood; and hence he became quite a wonder to the simple folk among whom he dealt and wrought. For some cause, possibly for the purpose of anatomical investigation, he one day removed the skin from a living dog, and then let him loose in the road. The circumstance created considerable excitement in that part of the country, and the place came in consequence to be called Dogtown.' It may perhaps authenticate the legend if I were to state the fact, that the very house where the Scotch doctor had lived was pointed out to me. Unearthly noises are heard to this day in its decayed chambers; and the howl-

ing of a dog, as if in agony, still haunts the troubled sleeper in the lonely hours of 'the black and dark night.' Some of the over-credulous neighbors add, that they have seen the spectre of a 'skinned Scotchman' on moon-light nights stalking solemnly among the shadows. This legend shows what interesting facts may be gathered by the intelligent traveller, and also what a horrible thing it is to be cruel to dogs.' - - - We have received a printed letter-sheet, bearing the title, '*The Classic Genus, Emenence, Chivelry, and Renoun of Daniel Webster: translated into Poetry by William J. Coggey, Esq.*' These stanzas, literally and il-literally copied, will convey an adequate idea of the fire and freedom of the entire performance:

'His mind it was a Resservoir, whier Classic Liquod did acumelate
His genius had a sublime pollish, that was no second rate,
Every word he said and droped, was shaped with noble molde;
He lived to see his Native Land augment, seven and tenfold.

'The sea of his intilgence, un fathomed By the lines of time,
Like a Barr of pollished steel, his Classic Ideas they did shine,
Like the surges of the ocieon roleing up the Cliffs of natures throne
As a pillor of this Republic, he Coped her with a Classic dome.

'He is gone to that Selsstial Hemisphier, whier no petty prince can reign,
To take his place amongst our patriots, a CLAY, a JACKSON, and a HAYNE;
The Grandest throne he ever filled, with human lorrels on his head,
Is that he fills this day, the illustrious DANIEL WEBSTER he is Dead!'

A portrait of 'Captain WILLIAM J. COGGEY' occupies the blank-leaf of the sheet. In force and expression, it fully indicates the source whence these soul-inspiring strains proceed. - - - From an esteemed friend in one of the pleasantest villages of Illinois, we have received an invitation to visit that region, which is enough to 'make one's mouth water.' Toward the conclusion of his epistle, he observes: 'Come along, then. It is only four days' journey; and you can be back in time to tell your readers all about it in the 'Gossip' of the same month: how you shot grouse by the dozens of brace; how you chased deer across shoreless prairies, and finally brought down a buck, the weight of whose horns was all that enabled your horse to overhaul him; how you killed two score of pigeons at a shot, with a rusty musket, charged with 'Number Five' shot; how you knocked the scalp off that impudent little squirrel which barked at you from the extreme height of a stately hickory, with the rifle of your host; how you charmed wild turkeys up to the muzzle of your gun with the exceeding cunning of your 'call;' and how, as you *blazed* away, the turkey *ran* away (probably.) How you could write, in cheerful, yet melancholy remembrance, of the tranquil lakes, willow-hung and wilderness-surrounded, into which you dropped your hook and drew up the beautiful five-pound pike, the delicious bass, the *more* delicious perch, and the *most* delicious croppie! And of the haunted stillness of the languid summer day, the haze of far-off hills, the mirrored sky within the water; the solitude so deep that you were startled by the apparition of your fellow-fisherman over against you on the opposite bank; or the more nerve-shattering, rude interruption of his rifle, as he brings down a vagrant deer, or cuts the throat of a fat turkey! What dreams—day-dreams, or of night—you might have, while stretched at length beneath the impenetrable shade of the oak or elm, in a forest where no axe has ever fleshed its edge; and what a rich store of fancies, facts, and experiences you would carry back with you, to enrich the teeming pages of 'Old KNICK!' The fact is, you *must* come! Ah, dear Sir, shouldn't we delight to do it! But this 'never-ending, still-beginning' labor, how shall we pretermit it? Nevertheless, we shall *try*, '*Deo Volente*,' to 'come out.' - - - '*The Currency*' is perhaps somewhat too

heavy a topic for this department of our Magazine, but the following anecdote, from an Ohio correspondent, touching upon this theme, will make you smile, as it has us: 'Out West, the currency has always been a great, and, indeed, *the* question upon which the mental and 'fistical' powers of our orators have been expended; and a political gathering, never so small, was sure to be enlightened upon 'the currency-question;' and if, perchance, the orator should forget the subject of paramount importance, he was sure to be reminded of it, either by some one present, or else be torn to pieces on 'the currency' by his political antagonist. One of our orators, whom, for the want of a better name, we will style General GREEN, attended one of these meetings, and after having shed a perfect halo of light upon 'The Land-Distribution, The Tariff, Our Foreign Relations, The Army, The Navy,' etc., to the entire satisfaction of himself and Pro Bono Publico, as he was about to sit down 'mid murmurs of applause,' covered with laurels, a self-styled inquisitor, indigenous to the West, exclaimed: 'Well, General GREEN, what of *'The Currency?'*' The General arose, and, after many wirings-in and wirings-out, 'elucidated' the currency at great length, and upon broad American principles; and as he was about to resume his seat, with the air of a man who had successfully performed some Herculean feat, turned to his inquisitor, with a look that seemed to say: '*Such*, Sir, is the great currency-question;' when he was met by a vacant, lack-lustre stare, (I can't depict it any better, for the man was drunk,) and with: 'Ah, yes; well, General GREEN, *but how about the currency-question?*' The General has almost abjured politics, and especially 'The Currency-Question.' - - - 'CAN you give me any information, writes 'BEVERLEY,' in reference to a very stirring poem, by a Mr. GREENE, of Rhode-Island, entitled '*The Baron's Last Banquet?*' The reading of that poem, when quite a lad, stirred my soul like the blast of a trumpet. There is something very grand and stately in the march of the verse, and the conception is surpassingly fine. An old Baron, who, in the wars in Palestine, had often dared the Paynim's spear, returns home, worn out by disease. His leech informs him that it is preying upon his life, and he must shortly die. The stern old crusader's rage thereupon bursts forth: he drives the leech from his presence, and determines to meet the last dread enemy face to face at the banquet-board, with all his retainers around him. There are some very stirring lines in allusion to the gathering of the retainers, which I have forgotten. But the banquet-board is spread, and at its head, in full armor, dressed to meet the last dread enemy, sits the fierce old Baron. The shades of death are fast gathering around him, and he proposes the toast, 'Thanksgiving to the vine!' The concluding verses I remember:

'ARE ye all there, mine vassals!
For mine eyes are waxing dim:
Fill round, my tried and trusty ones,
Each goblet to the brim!
Ye're there, but yet I see you not;
Draw forth each trusty sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel
Clash once around my board!
I hear it faintly—louder yet!
What clogs my heavy breath?
Up all, and shout for RUDEGIR,
Defiance unto DEATH!

'Bowl rang to bowl, steel rang to steel,
And rose a deafening cry,

That made the torches flare around,
And shook the flags on high.
'How, cowards! have ye left me?
Ho, dastards! have ye flown?
Ho, cravens! dare ye leave me,
To meet *him* here alone?
But I defy him—let him come!
Down rang the massive cup,
And from the sheath the shining blade
Came flashing half way up;
And with the dark and heavy plume
Scarce trembling o'er his head,
There in his dark carved oaken-chair
Old RUDEGIR sat dead!

We remember to have read this poem many years since, but *where* we cannot now recollect. - - - A FRIEND writing from Baden-Baden, gives us the fol-

lowing incident, which he assures us is stated precisely as it occurred, for he saw it himself: 'There is a copper-coin in the German currency 'up the Rhine' called a *shwankswagger*, or a *zigzagger*, or some such outlandish name, as the Englishman always says when he cannot pronounce a foreign language: it is exactly the size of a NAPOLEON, and caution is very necessary at night for a stranger to avoid being imposed upon by the substitution. Well, it was toward the 'small hours' in the Kürsall, or gambling-hall, after a peculiarly unsuccessful evening on the part of the Rouge-et-Noir bank, that bets had thinned off, and not more than two or three out of the crowd continued to play. The gas burned brightly; the dealer continued his manipulations, ever and anon nodding at the small encouragement which met his perseverance; the table displayed not above the amount of three or four florins, which seemed too contemptible either to increase or diminish. It was evident that none but vagabonds remained to look on. Suddenly a brawny hand was seen to protrude from the crowd, and to toss five ringing coins in a pile upon the *red*. The dealer braced himself up again: the sight was gold, and who knew but that five NAPOLEONS were the precursors of a *grande armée* of the same precious metal? The bank was no longer insulted by the intrusion of bare silver, so reproachful to its aristocratic character. He dealt the cards blithely forth, assuring himself from time to time that the stake was still *there*. At length came the decisive card. The bank won. Poising a pinch of snuff in the left hand and the collecting-rake in his right, old RHADAMANTHUS gaily gathered the addition of honey to his hive. But hold!—not so fast! The simple contact of his fingers with the vile lucre was a sore disenchantment. He was for once so roused from his apathy as to rub the pinch of snuff into his eyes, and exclaim '*Mein Gott!*' a German 'intensive' out of all propriety with the French elegance of the tables. A single look, and the coins were hurled the whole length of the echoing hall. They were *zigzaggers*, fresh from the mint, all blushing with their deceitful mission. They were purposely placed on the *red*, in order, by contrast of color, to gild the copper hue; in which laudable experiment the gas-light lent no small aid. The loss, you know, was nothing; but the insult to the bank!! Oh! it was a demonstration of contempt compared with which the mean villany of the transaction faded out of view! The *croupier* relaxed the muscles of his useless arms. 'Messieurs,' said he, in a stifled voice, 'the bank is broken!' This was the only reproach he could convey. 'Why,' said an American, more familiar probably with faro on the Mississippi than with Rouge-et-Noir on the Rhine, 'the man only wanted to *copper* his bet; he ought to have been paid!' But a Scotchman, as long and dry as a poplar in dog-days, was seen immediately after lighting a segar, contrary to all rules, and articulating in the broadest accent of the Clyde as he 'lumbered' off:

'The gowd is but the guinea-stamp;
A mon's a mon for a' that.'

and he proceeded to pick up the scattered *zigzaggers* at the upper end of the long room. It was CHARLES LAMB, I believe, who said that you can never cry 'Halves' to any thing that turns up in a Scotchman's company.' - - - In these latter days, when the States are passing free-banking laws, and new banks are springing up wherever

'Three chimney-smokes perfume the air,
Contiguous to a steeple,'

the following anecdote, 'founded' shortly after the passage of the free-banking law in this State, (the pioneer of laws creating free banks elsewhere,) may hit

some fancy as it has ours. A gentleman named Rox, a good deal of a speculator, observed to a friend: 'I am about to get up a bank: what do you think the people will say to *that*, eh?' 'I think they will call you '*Rob* Rox' for ever after!' was the cool and cutting reply. - - - Some unfortunate wight, confined for debt in Dover (N. H.) jail, pours out his griefs in the following '*Anathema Maranatha*.' He signs himself 'GONIC BARD.' He writes like a 'Goner:'

'Ye demons, help, while I assail
That dismal place called Dover jail;
And give me strength to tell the tale
Of 'durance vile' in Dover jail.
Nor rum, nor gin, nor beer, nor ale,
Can mortal get in Dover jail;
But haggard forms, with visage pale,
Stalk wild about in Dover jail.
Of pork and beef we do not fail,
Nor toast and tea, in Dover jail;
But what of that!—the Muse must rail
At the iron-bars of Dover jail.
It's enough to make a stout heart fail
To view the walls of Dover jail.
The heart of HERCULES would fail,
Were he confined in Dover jail;
The fearless savage sure would quail
At the iron-bars of Dover jail.
Oh, may the news by the next mail
Be the down-fall of Dover jail!
With snakes and vipers in their trail,

Let hydras seize on Dover jail!
May poisonous winds in every gale
Spend their whole force on Dover jail.
May snow and rain and sleet and hail
For ever pour on Dover jail;
And VULCAN, with his iron-fail,
Break down the walls of Dover jail.
May ghost and witch with 'wassail wail,'
Haunt round and through old Dover jail.
May CHARON'S boat triumphant sail,
Completely manned from Dover jail;
And not one mortal e'er bewail
The awful fate of Dover jail.
Should all of these anath'mas fail,
Let dragons seize on Dover jail;
With horned head and fiery tail,
Fly straight away with Dover jail.
May spiders weep and crickets wail
The direful end of Dover jail;
And may their children never fail
To chant their curse on Dover jail.'

'I know a great, over-grown, 'first-rate' man in this place,' writes a western friend, in a desultory letter to the Editor, 'engaged in the mercantile business, who is much troubled to recollect names, and who one morning, with pencil in hand, and quill behind his ear, called out to his partner: 'BILLY, what is JOHN STUPPLEBEAM'S first name?' And he never discovered his mistake until he began to write it, when he forgot his last name; and with the same unconsciousness sang out: 'Excuse me, BILLY, but I've forgot JOHN STUPPLEBEAM'S *last* name now!' The roar of laughter which ensued restored his memory. - - - WE have received, 'by public conveyance,' the following extensive 'pome,' entitled '*A Hint to the Careless*:'

'A stitch in time
Saves nine;
One stitch by KATEY
May save eighty.'

PROFESSOR MAPES' '*Working Farmer*' is having, as it deserves to have, an extraordinary 'run.' It is edited with consummate ability and great industry, and has won the highest praise from the best agriculturists of the Union. Its great cheapness has no doubt added greatly to its circulation, it being only one dollar a year. The entire receipts of the work are expended upon making the paper worthy of its extended and increasing reputation. - - - THE story in the '*Knick-Knacks*' of the man who excused his glass of brandy-and-water by saying that he was so very dry, as he was going to have cod-fish for dinner, reminds a Connecticut correspondent of an incident in the life of poor So ———, of New-Hampshire, 'now dead and gone.' The bar-room of the principal hotel in the town of P ——— was filled with some dozen 'stage-loads' of passengers who had come in to spend the night. It was many years ago, at the time when the temperance agitation had made gentlemen feel a very little delicacy in taking their potations as freely and openly as they had been accustomed to do it. As 'bed-time' drew near, A. steps to the bar, with the half-apologetic remark, that he did not think it a good practice to drink much, but he thought that, when travelling, a little would not hurt him. He took his glass and sat

down. Soon B. started, and prefaced his dram with the remark that he thought that he had taken a little cold in riding, etc. Then C. found that he had an unpleasant sensation in the region of the stomach, which he thought that a glass of gin might allay. And so each of the party made his excuse and took his 'night-cap.' So — a sat in the corner, watching all with a hawk's eye; and when they had got through, he walks to the bar with the air of a hero, exclaiming: 'Bar-keeper, give me a glass of brandy, *because I love it!*' With *his* tone and air, it made as many red faces as there were red noses. - - - MR. WILBUR M. HAYWARD, an enterprising publisher of Rochester, has published '*Daniel Webster's Three Greatest Orations*,' viz.: The Eulogy on ADAMS and JEFFERSON; the Landing of the Pilgrims: the Bunker Hill Monument; and the Reply to HAYNE. The price in paper and muslin binding will be three and four shillings. Eleven thousand copies are already sold. - - - 'I HAVE read,' writes a friend far away over the Atlantic, Caribbean, and Pacific seas, 'with much *gusto* the interesting sketches descriptive of the Virginia Springs, which have been running through the KNICKERBOCKER for some months past. My venerable and ancient friend, Colonel J —, late of the Niantic Hotel, San Francisco, and formerly of that public palace, the St. Louis, of New-Orleans; a descendant of one of 'the First Families' of the Old Dominion; in look, port, and mien, very like his namesake, the 'NAPOLEON of the Turf;' related at dinner the other day the following incident, which took place at the White Sulphur some years ago, when 'Old C —,' as he was called, kept this fashionable resort. In those days, it was the custom — and one 'more honored in the breach than the observance' — for such of the guests as chose, to have their *private* dishes on the public table. A Frenchman, unaccustomed to these arbitrary distinctions, politely requested the servant to help him to several of the articles appropriated to individual use. Being 'brought up standing' in each instance with the everlasting stereotype, 'That's private, Sir — *private*,' JOHNNY CRAPEAUD at last electrified the table with, 'Den, by GAR, bring me ze bread and de salt: I'spectacle *dey not be private!*' Colonel J — left the White Sulphur, and went to the Red, and in a few days the Frenchman followed suit. Upon inquiring as to the state of affairs in the quarters he had just left, the nervous Gaul gave an expressive shrug, and remarked: 'I stay at ze White Solfair until ze water did got 'private,' and then I think it vos time to leave ze establishmon!' It appeared that the ice becoming scarce and dear, some of the guests had their private pitchers of ice-water on the table. 'Private' water at a 'Springs' was certainly a novel idea; at all events, it seemed so to him. - - - 'A Chapter on 'Chuck-Up'' is about nothing, and 'comes to nothing.' It begins, however, like a chapter of GIBBON; as thus: 'The institution of 'Chuck-Up' is one of great antiquity, dating its rise from the earliest introduction of the copper currency. Its process being simple, and the results generally beneficial, the system took deep root, and ran like horse-radish all over the cultivated world. It is believed that at every portion of the universe which has been visited by civilized men, this system has been eagerly adopted, and permanently established.' - - - The correspondent from whom we have received what he assures us is, veritably, one of THOMAS MOORE's unpublished lyrics, says: 'This was given to me in 1827, by Mrs. SCULLY, who was MOORE's sister. She said it was composed by her brother before the appearance of his 'Irish Melodies.' A pic-nic party had been made, to visit the romantic valley of the Dargle, in the county of Wicklow, near Dublin, and a *ci-devant* beauty (who considered that, neglecting her, MOORE had

flirted too much with another and younger and fairer damsel) having reproached him with inconstancy, the bard, when called on to sing, warbled the following hastily-pencilled lyric, which he sang to the air to which he afterward wrote the song of 'Fly not Yet.' Mrs. SOULTY assured me it had never appeared in print, and I copied it from his own pencilled manuscript which he had given to her. It has something of MOORE's easy gallantry, but wants the polish which he bestowed upon his more elaborate productions:

I.

'WHAT though 'tis true I've talked of love,
And other beauties idly strove
My heart to free from Rosa's chain?
Unbroke the golden links remain
Entwined round every part;
And if another's charms I praised,
Those charms but fond remembrance raised.
Perhaps it was her tresses flowing,
Dimpled cheeks and blushes glowing!
Oh, no! oh, no!
None but Rosa's lip, and Rosa's eye,
And Rosa's self can cause the sigh:
Still ROSA rules my heart.

II.

'I own, betrayed by youth or wine,
I've thought a form or face divine;
Or, when some witching syren sung,
My yielding soul enraptured hung,
Bewildered by her art:
But soon that feeble spell was gone;
Some faint resemblance said alone:
'Can tones less sweet, or looks less smiling,
Long delude, your sense beguiling?'
Oh, no! oh, no!
None but ROSA's lips, and ROSA's eye,
And ROSA's self can cause the sigh:
Still ROSA rules my heart.'

THOMAS MOORE.

SITTING to-day under the plastic hand of AUGUSTUS BLESSING, Ann-street, Museum-Building, (and a great 'blessing' he is, whether his soft hand and keen razor follow each other over your chin, or he 'shampooles' your head with his unctuous 'Magnolia,') we were struck with a little specimen of human kindness, which it was a delight to witness. One of the noticeable things about his little shop—he calls it 'shop' for short, though 'hair-dressing saloon' is the more distinguished term now-a-days—is a little brown bird in a cage. He was brought from Germany, and all his songs were sung in the language of that hearty, affectionate country. He was far from handsome; but he had a bright, merry eye, and when hopping nimbly from perch to perch in his cage, he seemed so good-natured and happy, that it was always a pleasure to see him, and hear his unpretending musical chatter. He took great delight in washing himself two or three times a day in a shallow vessel of clear cold water; and having finished his ablutions, he would leap up on his perch, and with his little bill buried in his downy bosom, manipulate and make dry that soft retreat, and then, stretching his head around, to get a 'bird's-eye view' of his 'tail-quills,' he would take each long feather in his bill, and make all smooth and clean in *that* quarter. His toilet accomplished, he would gradually close his bright eyes, settle down upon his perch, and take his siesta. But those bright eyes grew dim, and finally closed for ever. He is now as blind as a bat; and it was piteous to see how his great affliction weighed at first upon his spirits. But time has softened his grief. As the spring came on, and warm weather wakened him into a renewed life, he seemed not only resigned but happy. His other senses have grown more

acute; consolation has come to him from an 'inner source;' he feels his dependence upon his kind supporter, whose heart could not bear the thought of sacrificing him because *one* of his senses had departed; he opens his mouth when he is an hungered or athirst, and 'like the young ravens when they cry,' he is fed and 'given to drink.' Then he lifts up his plaintive voice in notes of thanksgiving, blessing BLESSING for his care of one of the helpless and unfortunate of God's great family. - - - We have examined with interest, and in our next number shall more particularly describe, the plans of a new, spacious, and most complete hotel, proposed to be erected and directed under the supervision of the experienced and accomplished host of the 'College Hotel,' in Murray-street, Mr. JAMES M. SANDERSON. It will be upon the Fifth-Avenue; and in size, beauty of architecture, perfection of internal arrangement, in every kind and degree, it is designed that it shall not be surpassed (as its plan is certainly not now equalled) by any hotel in the world. - - - A stalwart Kentuckian—one of that semi-amphibious 'half-horse and half-alligator' breed we read about in the days of NIMROD WILDFIRE and MIKE FINK—on the day that the funeral obsequies of HENRY CLAY were solemnized at San Francisco, speaking of the great statesman, burst forth with: 'Mr. CLAY ought never to have been buried on land. *They should have thrown him into the sea, and a continent would have built up on his body!*' A bold figure, that! - - - From a lively and pleasant letter from a friend and correspondent in San Francisco, we extract the following entertaining passages:

'I was up in Mariposa last summer, and in my travels in that interesting region fell in with numerous amusing incidents, some of which will do to tell. By the way, the title to this beautiful country, embracing as it does one of the richest and most fertile portions of the Golden State, has been confirmed in Colonel FARMONT, by the California Land Commission. In richness and extent few German principalities are equal to it. The name, Mariposa, signifies 'a land of butterflies.' Beautiful, is it not?—as all Spanish names are. The legend which gave rise to this poetical title, runs as follows: 'In one of their annual excursions to the 'Valley of the Rushes' (Valley de los Tulares) to hunt the elk, a party of Californians pitched their tents on a stream at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Their attention being attracted to myriads of butterflies, of the most brilliant and variegated colors, which hovered about and clustered upon the trees, they gave the place the name of 'Mariposa.'

'On the principle that 'when in Rome you must do as Romans do,' and being rather tired of roaming, even in this romantic country; stopping to rest on the Sabbath in this interesting region, by way of compromising with conscience I went to church in the morning, and to see a bull and a grizzly-bear fight in the afternoon. The 'meeting,' which was held in one of 'God's first temples,' at the foot of the lofty Sierras, with their snowy peaks glittering in the August sun, was addressed by an earnest and zealous preacher; and the effect of his exhortation, clothed as it was in plain language, evidently told upon the hardy and sun-bronzed miners. One in particular, a stalwart and noble-looking fellow, was evidently much affected; but whether the feeling evinced was not somewhat attributable to the copious libations of *agua-diente* or 'bald-face' he had imbibed previous to drinking in the discourse, is a question that had better not be too rigidly discussed. After the conclusion of the services, the hat was passed around, and a considerable 'pile' was thrown in by the congregation, our friend contributing his mite in the shape of half a dollar. The minister, before dismissing the crowd, announced that he would hold forth again on the next Sabbath, and that due notice of the meeting would be given by the blowing of the horn. The individual whom we have alluded to as being 'wrought upon,' thinking that fifty cents was rather a small contribution, marched up to the stand and handed over a fifty-dollar octagonal 'slug,' with the following naïve and off-hand speech: '*Please, old feller, take this adobe; I may not be here next Sunday to hear your cursed old horn!*' Filled with the spirit of having done a good action, the generous fellow went and treated himself to another 'horn.'

'The fight between the bull and the 'b'ar' took place in the afternoon. Borne along by the crowd, I entered the 'corral,' where BAUX and TAURUS were to have a friendly Sabbath-day dispute. Savage as the sport seemed, I did not think it was so very unlike some bitter doctrinal controversies I had witnessed in other lands. The 'grizzly' was a huge and ferocious speci-

men, confined with a limited length of chain; and the bull was worthy the ring in the palmy days of Castile and Aragon. Both parties, like 'humans,' paused a moment, watching each other warily, when the 'horned beast' pitched into the monster of the mountain and forest, and made the sand gory with his blood. The 'grizzly' commenced digging as if for life, making the sand fly in all directions. 'Tom,' said a miner, 'them looks like pooty good diggins; 'sposin' we get a long Tom and go into pardnership with him?' Suddenly, by a *superhuman* effort, as an Irishman would say, the infuriated animal, goaded to madness, broke his chain, and began to travel. Instantly a score or two of 'Colts' were drawn, and a general fusillade commenced upon his bearship; the balls whistling in all directions, to the manifest danger of the crowd. Deeming my situation rather 'unhealthy' at this juncture, I 'vamosed the rancho;' and thus ended my first and last 'b'ar-fight.'

Isn't there something very touching and beautiful in the following lines? They bear the title, '*The Old Washerwoman*,' and are translated from the German of CHAMISSO, by the Rev. CHARLES T. BROOKS, of Newport, Rhode-Island:

'BEHOLD her busy with her linen,
Yon ancient dame with silver hair,
The briskest of the washerwomen,
Though six-and-seventy years are there:
So she has followed, year by year,
The honest toil at which you find her,
Filling with diligence the sphere
Of useful labor God assigned her.

'In her young days, (for she is human,)
She loved, and hoped, and wedded, too;
Well has she known the lot of woman,
Seen cares and sorrows not a few.
Her dear sick man she sought to save,
(Three children faithfully she bore him,)
Nor did she bury in the grave
Her faith and hope, when earth closed o'er him.

'The precious charge now laid upon her
With cheerful energy she bore;
She trained them up in fear and honor,
Virtue and prudence all her store.
At length, to seek their livelihood,
They took her blessing and departed:
A lone old woman now she stood,
Yet cheerful, hopeful, and stout-hearted.

'She spared, and scraped, and saved each penny,
And spun by night the flax she bought,
And of fine flax-thread yards full many
At last she to the weaver brought.
He wove her linen white as snow;
Her needle and her scissors plying,
A spotless burial-dress she so
Prepared against her day of dying.

'Her dress — her burial-dress — with pleasure
And sacred pride she lays away;
It is her first and last — her treasure —
The fruit of many a toilsome day.
She puts it on, God's Word to hear,
When Sabbath-bells sound holy warning,
Then lays it up again, to wear
The night before the eternal morning.

'And would that I, when night shall find me,
Might read, in life's last sinking sun,
That I had wrought the work assigned me,
As this good dame her task has done;
That I had learned life's joy to drink
In such a full and even measure,
And could upon my grave-clothes think,
At last, with such a heart-felt pleasure!'

'*Littell's Living Age*,' which has always been deservedly popular, is becoming more and more so, as it grows older. The editor has very recently changed its

form to a medium octavo, and its pages have been increased to sixty-four. That these will be well filled with the very best matter that the *world* affords, none will doubt who have been accustomed to see with what excellent taste and judgment the editor culls his *matériel*. Think of such a work once a week, making four stout volumes a year, for five dollars, with a discount to clubs, 'at that!' The force of combined excellence and cheapness 'could no farther go.' It has a wide circulation. - - - The following letter, we are assured upon the most reliable authority, is 'the original effusion' of an old negro of Louisville, Kentucky, 'who is known to every man, woman, and child in the county. It is here 'given exactly as he dictated it, word for word.' It very forcibly illustrates the propensity of 'our colored brethren' to use high-flown language, of the *meaning* of which they have not the slightest notion. Moreover, it is highly 'dense' in its character, and explains, with even more than common felicity, the causes of political defeat, always a difficult matter, especially with the defeated party:

'CHARLES S — RS, Louisville, Ky., respects to Mr. C —, hoping to meet your approbation, under the exchange of this toploftical deficient of our election.

'Knowing that I was politically under the Whig dispensation, the interview of my expectation became toploftically dilapidated.

'The democratical decision originated, so I comprehend, by a great deal of superstition. We are politically defrauded under our fullest expectation, coming out victorious without our election, and our subdued feelings have almost brought us to a legal exchange to come over to Mr. C —'s side. After finding that some of our most contaminated friends were easily bought, we of course have lost the 'Old Coon.' After legal affliction, we thought we'd put up a very judicious log cabin, and we all set in controversy and in the study of phrenology, knowing systematically that our approbation would meet no more.

'Excuse the propensity of our political probation here. I do testify by this desertion that there was a spontaneous evaporation without any defalcation.

'Of all people we are subdued the most. Hoping that PROVIDENCE will smile upon you with every beneficial blessing that can be restored by the aid of this colony, I present to you the politicalizations of my most humble prayers. Hoping that you may not appreciate conception in our sad disappointment, but may rejoice with your friends.

'Since you left, my health has been debilitated, believing that the loss of my election and the rheumatism together has brought me into a state of dilapidation. Give my best respects to Miss MARX, that I am in hopes she is enjoying a very judicious state of convalescence, and I will be unanimously pleased to see her return here again.

'The exhortation of Matrimony is getting most numerous in Louisville, and gentlemen still living are variegating, and yet they cannot meet their approbation. Prospects are yet favorable of enjoying the exhortation of my contaminated dissolution. I cannot appreciate our distresses as poetically as I ought, and the most political young gentleman who is now writing this for me is so judiciously captivated with Miss MARX, that when he heard of her spontaneous evaporation, he cordially perambulated down to the river, and the boat had just absconded, and through his meditations he left his handkerchief at the river, and he thought no more of it for four days. I consoled him with all my heart in behalf of her return again, and you should not be surprised to hear of this citizen of Louisville boarding in your city. Poor fellow! I can do no more for him, but felicitate his respects on her behalf. My most humble respects to you and your family.

'CHARLES S — RS,
' Louisville, Ky.

'Highfaluting' style, that! - - - The '*Independent Democrat*,' of Concord, New-Hampshire, in quoting from a late number the conversation of the aged woman with the chaplain of a New-Hampshire poor-house on the subject of '*Worms*,' adds the following: 'Speaking of poor-houses, reminds us of what once happened at a poor-house in Massachusetts, on the occasion of a parochial visit paid by a very worthy minister of our acquaintance. The KNICKERBOCKER is welcome to the story. There were several persons in the room when the

minister called, one of whom was a very talkatively-pious old lady, and another a half-witted young woman. Of course the old woman at once entered into conversation with the minister, the half-witted one sitting by, disheveling her hair, and now and then venturing a remark. The old woman commenced in the usual way, by stating her exceeding sinfulness, and her conscious need of repentance. After lamenting at considerable length the evils that were tempting and the sins that were besetting her, she suddenly changed the current of her words. 'But then,' said she, 'Mr. —, the Lord is merciful, and knows our weakness: He has begun a good work with me: yes, He has begun a good work.' 'Ah,' said the half-witted girl, discontinuing her employment for a moment, 'Ah, *He don't know what He's undertook!*' Of course the talk was over, and the minister left the premises instantaneously. - - - We do not greatly affect 'sonnets,' unless they are very good; regarding the majority of efforts in this kind as principally remarkable for one merit—brevity; and even if good, like all of SHAKESPEARE'S and many of WORDSWORTH'S, they still impress us with the idea of a reel in a bottle. Freedom of thought may be there, but 'freedom of speech' rarely. Here is a clever example, which *might* be 'criticised;' but with piles of books before us demanding notice, and still larger stores of communications, in prose and verse, awaiting examination, we have 'other fish to fry' than to enter upon the task. So, 'without farther action,' please peruse this '*Sonnet to a Daguerreotype:*'

'O THOU unspeaking idol: cold and stern
The look which meets the passionate gaze of mine;
No answering glances from those eyes of thine
Give kind assurance to me; no return
To all my fond caresses: and I yearn
Above thy mouth's dear outlines, for the bliss
That fills the soul when lips give back a kiss,
And hearts love-lighted near each other burn.
Unpitied eyes: can ye not helm the grief
That o'er my billowy brow so wildly drifts?
Unmoving lips: O stir for my relief,
Loaded with sweetness like a hand with gifts;
Let not Despair my loneliness invade,
But rouse your dual forces to my aid.

R. C.

Isn't that 'sweet' poetry? - - - We are glad to hear, as we do from a town-friend, recently at Owego, that Mr. THOMAS DOUGHTY, the distinguished landscape-painter, is pursuing his beautiful art in that delightful village, where he has recently produced some of his happiest efforts; one of which adorns the palatial and hospitable mansion of an esteemed friend on the Susquehanna, Mr. FREDERICK PUMPELLY. Mr. DOUGHTY has also commenced his long-contemplated series of four pictures, representing '*The Seasons*,' as peculiar to the northern portions of our country. His '*Winter, by Moonlight*,' already finished, is pronounced by our friend (a judge, and a good one, of art) to be a most exquisite production, 'as true to nature as NATURE herself.' The artist commences immediately upon '*Spring*.' The 'portraits' of '*Summer*' and '*Autumn*' will be painted from nature, in the season of each; and we trust Mr. DOUGHTY may consent to an exhibition of the series, when completed. Their attraction may be assumed as a 'fixed fact.' We ourselves have had an opportunity of seeing a view on the Susquehanna, taken from the artist's studio in the spacious 'Ah-wa-ga House' at Owego, which is a gem of tranquil beauty. The dim mountain-tops in the distance, the billowy, silvery summer-clouds, the calm, transparent river, the gently-swelling banks, all are represented with the truest feeling. - - - THERE is no other way: we shall be obliged, perforce, to increase our Magazine,

in this department, by sixteen additional pages, with a general uniformity of the large type now used. Every month we are compelled to leave 'standing over,' in type, matters which it positively makes us, for the time, *unhappy* to postpone. Now from this present number we are compelled to omit several notices of new and rare books; occasional public addresses; an admirable subsection of 'Childhood's Gossip,' furnished by esteemed correspondents, representing almost every quarter of the Union; gems from poetical *collaborateurs*, which we have not even space to particularize; and the richest possible 'specimens' of pseudo-'poetry,' together with a nameless number of 'good things,' which, although they 'will keep,' it nevertheless greatly *irks* us to 'keep.' Beside which, we have sundry notices of 'matters and things' in the metropolis, which *must*, under the old-style 'dispensation,' 'bide their time.' *Au reste*, 'we shall see anon.' - - - Is there not a good deal of dry causticity, of sly satire, in the following from the German of HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN? We derive it from a friend and correspondent who has other favors awaiting insertion:

'The German goes for thoroughness
In all that's theory;
If on his sleeve he find a spot,
He studies chemistry:

'And he will study day and night
Until it's clearly proved
How stains from linen, silk, and cloth,
By art can be removed.

'But when at last he knows the whole,
And all is well and done,
The spot remaineth as before —
The coat to rags has gone!

'Thus construes he affairs of State,
Hails Freedom's dawning day;
Yet, ere he knows what freedom is,
The German's passed away!' H. M.

'*The National Academy of Design*,' an institution as influential as it is time-honored, recently opened its exhibition for 1853. In our next number we shall not fail to do the collection of pictures that justice which the late period of the month prevents our rendering at present. It may suffice now to say, that, in our judgment, the exhibition has seldom been excelled, nor often equalled, in examples of noble landscapes, and successful specimens of portraiture. DURAND, KENSER, CHURCH, TALBOT, and other of our best landscape-artists, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter, have really exceeded their reputations, enviable as they were before; and the same praise may truly be awarded to HICKS, ELLIOTT, BAKER, LANG, PEELE, MOUNT, and *their* compeers, for the striking excellences of their performances. Timely with our notice of the National Academy will come the comments from the '*Century Papers*' upon the characteristics of Mr. KENSER's pencil, (with other 'papers' of the same collection,) which we therefore reserve for that occasion. Meantime, we counsel all lovers of the true and the beautiful, resident or transient, in the metropolis, not to fail of visiting the present fine exhibition. - - - A WESTERN friend thus slyly 'raps over the knuckles' our friend and contemporary of the popular new 'Monthly': 'You must remember the melodious jingle of the rhyme, from title-page to finis, of LOWELL's '*Table for Critics*.' The second, or some subsequent edition, published after PUTNAM's removal from his old quarters, contains one alteration which is certainly an 'addition,' if not an improvement. Ecce signum! The original reads:

'Set forth in October, the twenty-first day,
In the year '48: G. P. PUTNAM, Broadway.'

The emendation is as follows:

'Set forth in October, the twenty-first day,
In the year '48: G. P. PUTNAM, *ten Park Place*!'

'It strikes me that this is sacrificing 'sound to sense' with a vengeance. The

author of this change must be the 'terrible fellow to meet in society,' of whom the poet speaks, for certainly the page is pointed at the cost of the story's whole point.' Hastily corrected — that's all. - - - By the time these pages are before our town-readers, *'Franconi's Hippodrome'* will be the 'public thing' of the metropolis. Our readers may rely upon our prediction, that so truly *magnificent* an exhibition, in its kind, has not only never been seen, but has never been *approached*, in New-York. Ten thousand persons, comfortably seated, will confirm our prophecy, at 'one sitting,' before our next number shall have made our distant and less fortunate readers acquainted with the 'why and the wherefore.' We hope to 'be there to see.' - - - 'ALLOW me,' writes a lady-correspondent, ('as we do *guess*,') 'to express my 'unfeigned thanks' to 'E. C.' for the rational and true views embodied in his (or her) article on *'Second Marriages.'* In this commercial day of ours, when 'eligible matches' and 'stations in society' are deemed fitting substitutes for the holiest and deepest love, such sentiments may not perhaps find a ready echo in the popular heart. But they are not the only truths that are by the many rejected, while to the few they are precious and undying. The instances of second, third, and even *fifth* marriages, are not uncommon. A minister of my acquaintance, a man in other respects of unblemished character, of fine sensibilities and keen intellect, is now living with his third wife, and has been for a year past, although five years have not elapsed since his first marriage. With his expressive eyes suffused with tears, and in a voice full of confidence and triumph, he will speak of one day meeting them. How can it be? Can *each* be the loved one of his life? When the loving arms that clasped me in their embrace are exchanged for the 'narrow house;' when the heart whose love is 'sweeter than life' is left with but the memory of the past and the hope of the future upon which to lavish its wealth; and the eye that looks thrillingly into mine must look 'beyond the veil' to meet an answering glance; let not then *another* be to that heart what I have been!' - - - The following is a *single line* in a 'pome' on the *'Battle of North-Point,'* near Baltimore:

'COLUMBIA's patriots, for ever merciful to a vanquished foe, to the spot repaired, but it was too late; many a bold Englishman met a watery grave!'

'Linked' doggerel 'long drawn out!' - - - THE lines by 'LIVIA,' in our last number, we are assured by a correspondent, are boldly plagiarized from the late Mrs. Osgood. 'LIVIA' will please 'take notice accordingly.' We cannot answer 'JUSTICE's' query. - - - THE recent death of Mr. CLEMENT M. EDSON, of this city, has been announced in all our public journals. Mr. EDSON was for some six years a joint-proprietor with the Editor of this Magazine, and in its success and reputation always took the liveliest interest. For many qualities of head and heart he was held in deserved esteem. He had a quick perception of the humorous and the beautiful, and his judgment in literary matters generally was excellent. After disposing of his interest in the KNICKERBOCKER, he commenced the study and practice of the law, in which he was achieving both reputation and success when DEATH called him hence to be here no more for ever. He was followed to his beautiful resting-place at Greenwood by a large number of attached friends and mourning relatives. May he rest in peace! - - - We had supposed that the propensity, now so common, to embalm in poetical amber the particulars of rail-road and other accidents by which human life is sacrificed, was a thing of modern origin. Many country printing-offices, we are informed,

are half-supported by poetical hand-bills, specimens of which have sometimes appeared in these pages. But it seems it was just so in the 'olden time.' We have before us an *'Elegy on the Death of Peter Harvey and William Gould,'* who were drowned in BAKER'S River, Plymouth, (Mass.,) April 24, 1789, which in melody of rhythm is very like the present examples in its kind. It is amusing, indeed, to see how very modern the style is, altogether. Our first extract describes the father and his neighbors finding the first boy; the last four stanzas refer to discovering the other:

'WHEN night gave way to break of day,
Before the sun arose,
With anxious thought for them they sought,
Which is as we suppose.

'On the cold ground the father found
WILLIAM, his youngest son;
Which doubtless he was glad to see,
Although his race was run.

'When he came nigh and did espy
His lovely son indeed,
He let him lay, and went his way,
To call for help with speed.

'The wind did blow as cold as snow,
Which did so chill the air,
The neighbors went with one consent,
And took him up with care.

'They did convey this lump of clay
Home to his father's house,
Where numbers came to see the same,
And mourn their heavy loss.

'The father groaned, the mother moaned,
The children wept and cried
To see the sight; and well they might,
And others, too, beside!'

'With anxious care, nigh to despair,
Much care and pains they took;
At last gave o'er, and sought no more,
Not knowing where to look.

'Seven weeks rolled on while he was gone,
Before they heard the sound
That their dear son, or such a one,
Was in Bridgewater found.

'When first the sound that he was found
Came to his father's ear,
With mournful voice he did rejoice,
The welcome news to hear.

'Next morning he went down to see
What they had found or done;
With glad surprise his watering eyes
Saw his beloved son!'

The name of the poet who penned these lines is not now preserved: 'which is as we suppose;' although we may be mistaken. - - - We regret not to have been able to attend the *Dramatic Fund Festival* recently celebrated at the Astron-House; but our regret is lessened by the reports of the daily journals, giving the cheering results of the meeting. Twenty thousand and one hundred dollars are now permanently secured to the fund, which is destined, we doubt not, to increase hereafter in an almost geometrical ratio. It is a well-officered, well-managed charity, and will be productive of the best results hereafter. The proceedings of the evening are said to have been in the highest degree interesting and joyous. - - - THERE is really a great deal of genuine humor, to say nothing of keen satire, in *'Professor Caesar Hannibal's Scientific Discourses,'* collected from the *'New-York Picayune,'* and recently published by Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND. Here is a 'hit' in the opening of one of them, that even our clerical friends cannot help smiling at: 'I is afraid I is gwine to lebe you fur a promiscus time. It hab always bin fashionable fur congregashuns to send dere shepherds to Europe whenever dey git de brown critters in de froat, or cullinary consumpshun ob de brownkill chubes ob de lungs. Now my troat hab bin so sore ob late, dat it wus wid de utmos difficulty dat I cood speak de truff. Some ob my influenza frens findin dis fact to be de case in my lecturs ob late, hab kinder clubed togedder, and formed demseffs into a kommittee on de hole, to send me off on a see-woyage. I took a see-woyage to 'Bohucken, but it did n't do me no good, so dey hab 'cluded to send me off far 'nuff whar I can pick up a little.' The PROFESSOR's conclusions are not less striking than his openings. Here is one of them: 'De DAWGUS Siety meets to darn de stockins dat I bin warin' holes in for de lass tree months, at Sister SILWAYER JOHNSON's, on Tuesday afternoon, wind and wedder permittin'. SAM HIGHSTOCK will please hand round

de usual sasser, and gib back no change.' - - - '*My Home in Tasmania, or Nine Years in Australia*,' just published by MESSRS. BUNCE AND BROTHER, is a work which will excite no little interest at this moment. Aside from the simplicity and liveliness of the style, the variety and interest of its incidents, the authentic information it conveys touching the new gold-country will insure it a large circulation among eager readers. - - - SOMEBODY, describing his sensations at sea, and the songs he heard from the sailors, and who, when he 'saw them working and heaving,' found that *he* was beginning to 'heave-to,' gives the following as a specimen of 'sea-poetry:'

'THERE's the capt'n, he is our kib'mad'nder,
There's the bo'son ad'nd all the ship's ker-rew;
There's the b'married med'n as well as the wive'n,
Ken-ows what we poor sailors goes ther-ew.'

'Your February 'Table-Talk' correspondent,' writes a friend, 'quotes a text inaccurately. The true rendering is: 'First take the *saw-logs* out of your own eyes, before you bother yourself about the *splinters* in your neighbor's eyes.' 'By-the-by,' I remember a grim bachelor-editor who once retorted upon a rival's diatribe, that 'it should be written in letters of salt on a board-fence for the cows to lick.' And another editor, who announced the freezing up of the canal thus: 'We regret to say that the water in the canal has become so congealed that the propulsion of freight-boats must terminate!' And in describing a fugitive horse and buggy, he stated that 'they ran with a swiftness of speed almost imaginable!' - - - We have received a small volume entitled '*New Themes Condemned, or Thirty Opinions upon 'New Themes' and its Reviewer*;' but we have found no leisure to examine into the merits of the case of which it treats. We may do so hereafter. - - - Our monthly contemporary, the '*United States Review*,' is winning a deserved reputation for the ability with which it is conducted. We recognize, 'as we do *think*,' a favorite contributor to this Magazine, the author of 'Blondine,' etc., in several papers in the last two numbers; 'The Magician,' for example, 'Castania,' 'The Watchman,' etc. We invoke for the 'Review' the 'patronage' which we are sure it will do its best to earn. It is neatly executed. - - - We have but a few words to say of the *Grand Opera at Niblo's*, and fortunately we can speak only in terms of the highest praise. What a treat it is, in such a superb theatre as NIBLO'S, to listen to the 'most sweet voices' of such *artistes* as ALBONI, 'Queen of Song,' and ROSE DE VRIES; to hear the silvery tenor of SALVI, the deep tones of BENEVENTANO, and witness the combined excellence of voice and action of ROVERE, SANGIOVANNI, ROSSI and MARINI! Who that heard '*La Favorita*,' and especially '*La Sonnambula*,' will ever cease to remember the occasion with renewed pleasure? As we write, we hear foreshadowed '*La Gazza Ladra*,' '*Lucrezia Borgia*,' '*Don Giovanni*,' '*Semiramide*,' that sublime performance, '*Roberto al Diavolo*,' '*Puritani*,' and the '*Prophète*.' A company like this, in operas like these, under such competent conductors as ARDITI and MARETZKE, at such a house as NIBLO'S, cannot fail to draw crowds, which have attested, and will attest, the high character of the attraction. - - - HAVE an eye to the notice of '*The Attorney*,' in preceding pages; for it foreshadows a book, strikingly illustrated by Mr. F. BELLEW, which is destined to have thousands of eager readers. - - - COLONEL 'EIDOLON,' 'K. N. PEPPER,' the 'Moon-struck Bard,' (and of other gossipers not a few,) are in type, or 'booked.'